



“The Eagle”

•

Volume 14

June, 1946

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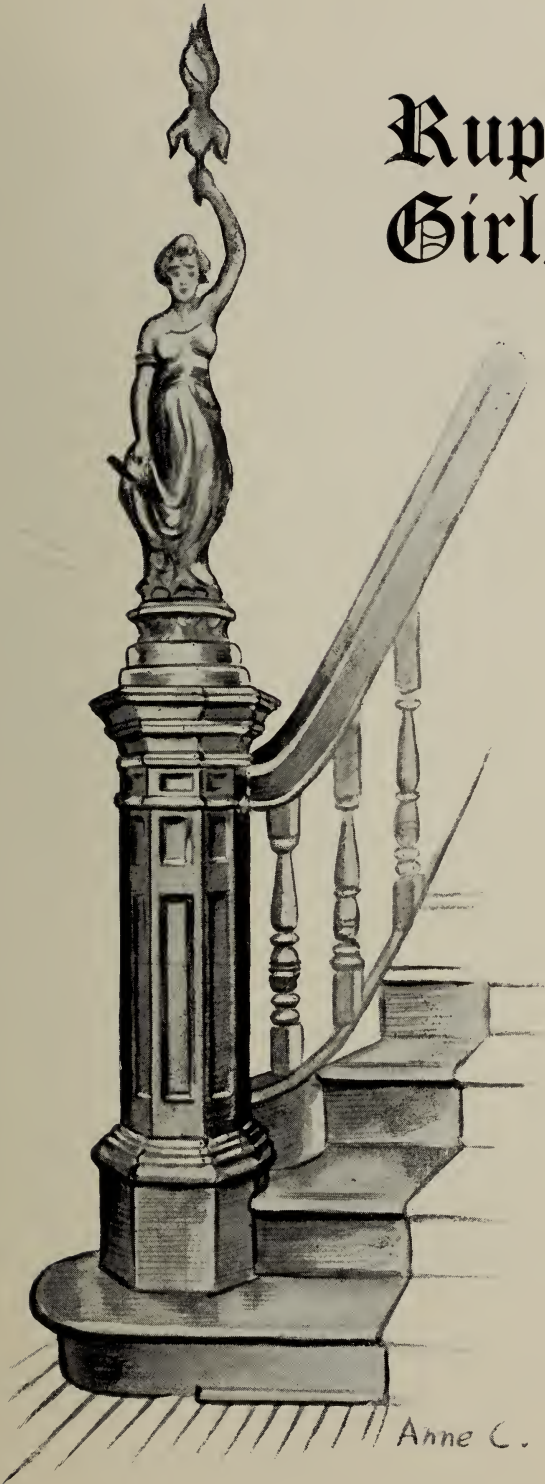
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Rupert's Land Girls' School..



•
“The Eagle”
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Winnipeg, Man.

Volume 14
June 1946



HIS EXCELLENCY THE EARL OF ATHLONE
(The Retiring Governor-General)

SCHOOL COUNCIL 1945-46



Top Row: Patricia Gattey, Elaine Morton, Doreen Ogilvie, Betty Hurst, Lucille Smith, Elspeth Thompson, Louise Pellenz.

Bottom Row: Patricia McKnight, Nancie Tooley, Martha Grimble, Donna Baker, Margaret Killick, Barbara Copeland. Absent, Jean McEachern.

Magazine Executive

ADVISER TO THE EDITORS Miss Turner
 EDITORS Martha Grimble, Jean McEachern, Nancie Tooley
 BUSINESS MANAGERSMiss G. Smith, Patricia Gattey, Patricia McKnight
 PHOTOGRAPHY Louise Pellenz, Lucille Smith
 ART Betty Hurst

ADVERTISING COMMITTEE

CONVENERS: Barbara Copeland, Margaret Killick

Betty Jo Ball	Jane Mather
Joy Bedson	Jennifer McQueen
Betty Calvert	Eleanor Mitchell
Barbara Cameron	Phyllis Morgan
Janet Cameron	Joan Norrie
Judy Claydon	Elizabeth Patton
Sue De Lamater	Priscilla Rayner
Diane Gardner	Janet Reid
Donna Kelly	Rosemary Watkins

Ann Windatt

FORM REPRESENTATIVES

Judy Claydon	Lois Young
Jennifer McQueen	Joanna Hollenberg
Eileen Watkins	



MY DEAR GIRLS,

As I begin to write a letter to you for this year's "Eagle" I wonder what I shall say that may stay in the memories of some of you.

First I think we might look for a moment over the past twelve months. What tremendous things have happened since last April! There is little doubt that the year 1945 will go down in history as one of the most important years of all time. In the spring the world lost suddenly one of its greatest men, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, who had spent his abilities and his powers so freely and energetically for the cause of justice and peace. Then so short a time afterwards came V-E Day. None of you, I am sure, will ever forget that morning in May when you came to school to find that hostilities had ceased; we held our special service so well-planned by our Department of Education, we then went to our Service in Holy Trinity Church, then home—that never-to-be-forgotten morning! Have we not all felt—"if only President Roosevelt could have lived to share that day with us"?

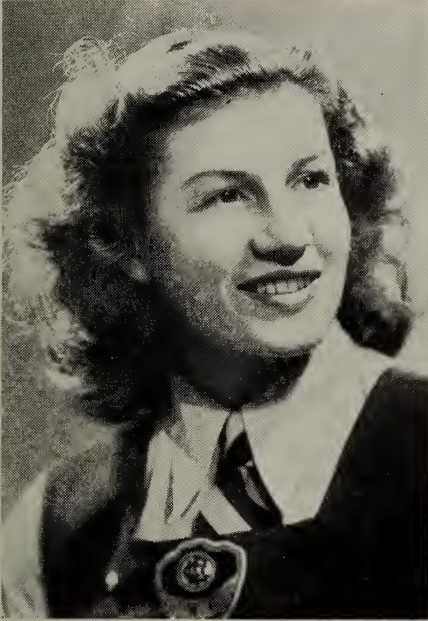
Then only a few weeks later came the discovery of the Atomic Bomb with all its power, followed so closely in August by V-J Day, earlier than anyone could have believed possible. Since then our men have been returning steadily from overseas, and in some ways it is hard to remember just what those war years meant to us all.

I think you girls should all be glad that you have lived in such thrilling times, and far more than that, that you are living in times of such tremendous opportunity. Now that the effort of war is over, there is even more need for you to strain every nerve for peace time. The minds of all people today are turning to the problems of social security, better education, and all that makes for what we call a better world. In this connection we realize that the use made of atomic energy is of paramount importance; our scientists are seriously considering the matter of its control and its use for the good of mankind rather than for the destruction of men. And while all this is going on we must remember that the biggest question of all is that of personal relationships. Without understanding between men, no amount of science can bring us happiness. While you are still at school you may think sometimes: "What can we do?" Well, you have a wonderful opportunity here to learn to understand those around you, and unless your education leads you to sympathy with others and their different points of view, it will not be of full use to you. So make the most of your opportunities; learn everything you can in all branches of study, give intelligent consideration to its bearing upon life, and make a point of getting out of your own private little rut and putting yourself out to learn to like and to understand those who do not naturally appeal to you. Do this in the spirit of devotion to duty and a real desire to serve your generation, your country and your world, and you will grow to be useful citizens. Only as you do this will you find happiness in life. All good wishes to you for the future.

Yours affectionately,

ELSIE M. BARTLETT.

The Head Girl



MARTHA GRIMBLE

Martha Grumble, Head Girl of 1945-1946, entered the School as a member of Grade V in 1938, and for one year we had the four Grumble sisters in the school—Sarah, Mary, Jane and Martha; now that we are to say goodbye to the last of them, we realize that when next September comes we shall be conscious of a gap in the ranks without a member of this very delightful family from Sturgeon Creek. On several happy occasions the staff and graduates have had their June picnic on the Grimble's grounds, where they have made friends with bulldogs, ponies and kittens in their lovely country setting, and although many of these June picnics, held in other places, have been the occasion of heavy rains and gusty winds, somehow the sun always shone when we were entertained at the Grimble's.

As a member of Machray House Martha has played on House teams and also on the Third and First School Basketball teams. This year she has been vice-president of the Literary Society and co-editor of "The Eagle." After taking her grade XII examinations this June, Martha plans to take a two-years course in Occupational Therapy at the University of Toronto, and then specialize in some branch of this most valuable work.

Her interests are in photography, in country life and in running a home. When the summer comes she loves to slip down to the summer cottage at Delta with a friend or two, and there enjoy swimming and sunbathing and friendly discussions.

Those who knew her as a plump, mischievous little girl in Grade V may feel that this serious young lady in Grade XII can hardly be the same person, but Martha is still fun-loving and quite a tease; she has gained a realization that life, even in these difficult post-war days, is full of interesting opportunities for those who have purpose and determination. We thank Martha for her contribution to school life, for her spirit of comradeship, and the faithful service she has rendered this year. May her future be a very rosy one, and may every success attend her in the years to come.

S.I.L.T

School Calendar 1945-46

1945

- Sept. 11. Boarders arrived.
- Sept. 12. School opened—welcome to Mrs. MacLeod, Mrs. Holland and Nurse Smith.
- Sept. 25. Annual Alumnae Prayers. Talk by Mrs. Greenwood.
- Sept. 28. Initiation Day.
- Oct. 8. Thanksgiving Day Holiday.
- Oct. 11. Visit to Ogilvie Mills by Grade 10.
- Oct. 18. Talk on Fire Prevention by Fire Inspector Karawak.
- Nov. 1. All Saints Day—St. John's College Commemoration.
- Nov. 13. Rev. T. J. Finlay read prayers and gave address.
- Nov. 15. Talk on Fire Prevention continued.
- Nov. 22. Home and School Association meeting.
- Dec. 3. Talk on photography by Dr. Leach.
- Dec. 18. Kindergarten closing.
- Dec. 19. Christmas parties.
- Dec. 20. End of term—visit from His Grace the Archbishop.

1946

- Jan. 8. Boarders returned.
- Jan. 9. Spring term began.
- Feb. 13. Alumnae Association Theatre Night.
- Feb. 15. Basketball match; present girls vs. old girls.
- Mar. 1. Holiday.
- Mar. 2. House Dramatics Competition.
- Mar. 26. Miss Babington talked on Canterbury Cathedral.
- April 5. Grades 9-12 sang in Musical Festival.
- April 12. P. T. Competition.
- April 15. Gymnastics Competition.
- April 16. End of term.
- May 1. Summer term began.
- May 8. Talk by Miss Jean Marindin.
- May 9. Physical Training and Gymnastics Display.
- May 10. Junior Alumnae Dance.
- May 11. Junior Red Cross Rally.
- May 18. Mission Tea.
- May 19. Youth Sunday.
- June 9. Alumnae Service at Holy Trinity Church.
- June 14. End of school year—Prize giving—Graduates' dance.

Editorial

In this our first year of school since the ending of World War II we realize that we are living in a period of world transformation. This year has witnessed the passing of the League of Nations, the formation of the U.N.O., and the birth of the Atomic Age. Though we have won the war, we have yet to win a true and lasting peace. To achieve such a peace school girls as well as statesmen have their collective responsibilities; in Rupert's Land we are endeavoring to practice democracy through our School Council. A world peace will be won only when all people have learned to understand and respect the rights of others and to co-operate in achieving the greatest good for mankind.

Although the war is over the work of the Red Cross still goes on, and again this year some of our classes have joined the Junior Red Cross. Interest in this seems to lie more with the Juniors than with the Seniors, but there is a great deal of work for Senior girls to do too. Such suggestions as the following were given at the H.S.J.R.C. Council, to which we have sent two representatives this year: girls are needed in most city hospitals to roll bandages and to help in other ways; the Old Folks' Home and Veterans' Hospitals always welcome entertainers, and the blind enjoy being read to. Next year I hope that more work such as this will be enthusiastically carried on by the girls of Rupert's Land.

Inter-house competition this year has been as active as usual, especially in in sports and in the drama competition. Other school activities have included two demonstrated lectures by one of Winnipeg's fire inspectors, Mr. Karawak, on fire prevention, three enjoyable Christmas parties kindly given by the staff, and a most interesting illustrated talk on Canterbury Cathedral given by Miss Babington of England.

This year we again held our annual inter-grade P.T. competition, which this year was won by Grades XI and XII; we congratulate the winners, and sincerely thank Miss Faraday for her hard work and coaching.

Our senior girls again entered the musical festival this year; as there was no other competition in the Private School class we entered two choirs. Both choirs sang, "Call of the Moon Children" and "Fairly Lullaby," choir No. 1 achieving the highest marks of 79 for each, while choir No. 2 received 76 and 75 marks. We congratulate the girls on their splendid work.

The girls of Grades X, XI, and XII are eagerly awaiting the dance on May 10th, which the Alumnae has so kindly arranged for us. Our Annual Mission is also to be held next term on May 18th, and as usual the climax of the school year will be Prize Giving to be held this year on June 14th.

In closing I would like to express my sincere appreciation of the honor of being your Head Girl during this year which has been one of the most remarkable in history. I would like to thank Miss Bartlett and all the members of the staff for their patient guidance and many kindnesses which they have shown to me. To the graduates and to all the girls I extend my very best wishes for the future, and may our motto, "Alta Petens," inspire us then as it has during our school life.

MARTHA GRIMBLE (Head Girl)

House Notes

DALTON HOUSE

Executive

PRESIDENT	Miss Turner
ASSOCIATES	Miss Newton, Mrs. Purdie
HOUSE CAPTAIN	Patricia McKnight
PREFECTS	Louise Pellenz, Pat Gattey
JUNIOR LIEUTENANTS	Phyllis Morgan, Betty Jo Ball
SENIOR SPORTS CAPTAIN ..	Louise Pellenz
JUNIOR SPORTS CAPTAIN	Shelagh McKnight
SECRETARY	Winifred Grayston

Full of determination to win the shield this year, Dalton, under the enthusiastic leadership of Pat McKnight, is working hard. Dalton has had an active year in sports and other activities.

In the sports field Pat McKnight and Louise Pellenz deserve worthy mention as they are the two strong guards on the school's first team. Shelagh McKnight, running centre on the second team, has also created a name for herself. Just lately the middleschool volleyball games were played and Dalton held first place.

Dalton's first social event was a Hallowe'en party for the Grades 3-6 in which the Grades 3-6 members of Jones also joined. The Sports Captains of the two houses arranged games which were greatly enjoyed by everyone, and the party concluded with a lunch.

In the second term Dalton was very busy producing "The Grand Cham's Diamond," by Allan Monkhouse, for the inter-house drama competition. Pat Gattey was our producer and we owe her many thanks for her patient and tireless work. We were very proud of Joy Bedson as she was awarded the honor of being best actress for the evening. Others taking part were: Priscilla Rayner, Barbara Cameron, Beth McEachern and Winifred Grayston. At a house meeting held the following week Pat Gattey was presented with a school ring in appreciation of her work.

Our House Captain has maintained her scholastic record this year. Another student in Grade XI who has done good work is Joyce Morris, who has had an "A" standing.

To all the members of Dalton the best of luck, especially to those who will not return next year. We wish to thank Miss Turner, Miss Newton and Mrs. Purdie for their help throughout the year.

WINIFRED GRAYSTON,
(Secretary)

JONES HOUSE

PRESIDENT	Miss McLean
ASSOCIATE	Miss Smith
CAPTAIN	Margaret Killick
PREFECTS	Elaine Morton, Lucille Smith
SENIOR SPORTS CAPTAIN	Jennifer McQueen
JUNIOR SPORTS CAPTAIN	Barbara Douglas
LIEUTENANTS	Betty Cotterell, Audry Van Slyck
SECRETARY-TREASURER	Esmé Nanton

This year has been one of hard work and pleasure for Jones House, under the capable leadership of Margaret Killick.

In the middle of the Easter term our president, Miss McLean, was taken ill, and we have missed her guidance in many ways, but are happily looking forward to her return next term.

Our play in the Inter-House Drama Competition was "A Night at an Inn," and under the able direction of our producer, Muriel Lipsey, we did well, and although we came third the cast enjoyed the work.

Jones House has come first in work and conduct all year so far and although our sports have pulled us down we managed to rise from fourth place at Christmas to first place at Easter. Tennis and deck-tennis will be played in the future, and we hope to achieve good results and maintain our first place.

As a representative of Jones House I feel that many thanks are due to Miss McLean, Miss Smith, Margaret and the executive and girls for their work and interest in the House's activities. To Ruth Ashley who won the Midget Gym Cup, Diana Nanton who won the Junior Gym Cup and Marlene Musgrove who won the Intermediate Gym Cup go our best wishes, and I hope they win many cups in the future. Also our congratulations go to Joan Norrie and Mary Harris who did so well singing in the Musical Festival.

Last but not least: good luck to the graduates in all that they undertake in the future.

ESME NANTON,
(Secretary-Treasurer)

MACHRAY HOUSE

Executive

PRESIDENT	Miss Eldred
ASSOCIATE	Mrs. Gray
HOUSE CAPTAIN	Barbara Copeland
HONORARY CAPTAIN	Martha Grimble
PREFECTS	Betty Hurst, Jean McEachern
JUNIOR LIEUTENANTS	Rosemary Watkins, Patricia Wilson
SENIOR SPORTS CAPTAIN	Barbara Copeland
JUNIOR SPORTS CAPTAIN	Sheila Young
SECRETARY-TREASURER..	Audrey Broadfoot

Under the able leadership of Elspeth Young, our House Captain of last year, Machray House carried off the shield. And now with the House under the leadership of Barbara Copeland, and with the co-operation of its members, we hope that Machray will again win the shield.

Well represented in sports, Machray has House Captain, Barbara Copeland, and Head Girl, Martha Grimble on the School's First Basketball Team. These two have created for themselves an outstanding record of skilful baskets. June Arbogast and Donna Kelley are on the Third Team; although we have no one on the Second Team, Joan Everett, Eileen Watkins, Shirley Womersley and Sheila Young greatly contribute to the Junior Team.

The girls in our House also reach a high standard of excellence in volleyball.

At the Hallowe'en party given for the Juniors, the executive mingled with the girls and joined in the fun. Games ranged from "Musical Chairs" to "London Bridge" and all agreed that it was a success.

Our House took part in the Drama Competition held this year. Unfortunately for us, our leading character was quarantined for scarlet fever a few days before the presentation. We owe our thanks to Judy Claydon, our producer, who took on the responsibility of studying the lines and taking the part, rather than drop out of the competition. We had the honour of having Susan DeLamater, named the second best actor in the competition.

We regret that Miss Eldred, our enthusiastic president, contracted mumps, and had to miss out on some of our activities, but we know that she will be proud of our achievements.

A lot of fine work has been done and high marks obtained by the members of our House. They are a fine crowd and we are exceedingly proud of them.

AUDREY BROADFOOT,
(Secretary-Treasurer)

MATHESON HOUSE

Executive

PRESIDENT	Miss Sharman
ASSOCIATES	Miss Speers, Mrs. Anderson
CAPTAIN	Nancie Tooley
PREFECTS	Doreen Ogilvie, Elspeth Thompson
JUNIOR LIEUTENANTS ..	Patricia Liggins, Daphne Graham
SCHOOL SPORTS AND	
SENIOR SPORTS CAPTAIN	Donna Baker
JUNIOR SPORTS CAPTAIN	Elizabeth Patton
SECRETARY-TREASURER	Betty Calvert

Although the school year is not yet over, I feel that I may safely say this has been a most successful year for Matheson under the leadership of Nancie Tooley, our house captain, Miss Sharman, her associates, and the rest of the house executive.

Our first big surprise came at Christmas when Miss Bartlett made the startling announcement that Matheson had "come first" for the term. This welcome news made us more determined than ever to try our best to win the shield.

In the Dramatic Competition, our play "Elizabeth Refuses" won first place, and Elizabeth Patton as Mr. Collins was judged the best male character. Much of the credit for this big success goes to Billie Baker who had the hard job of producing the play.

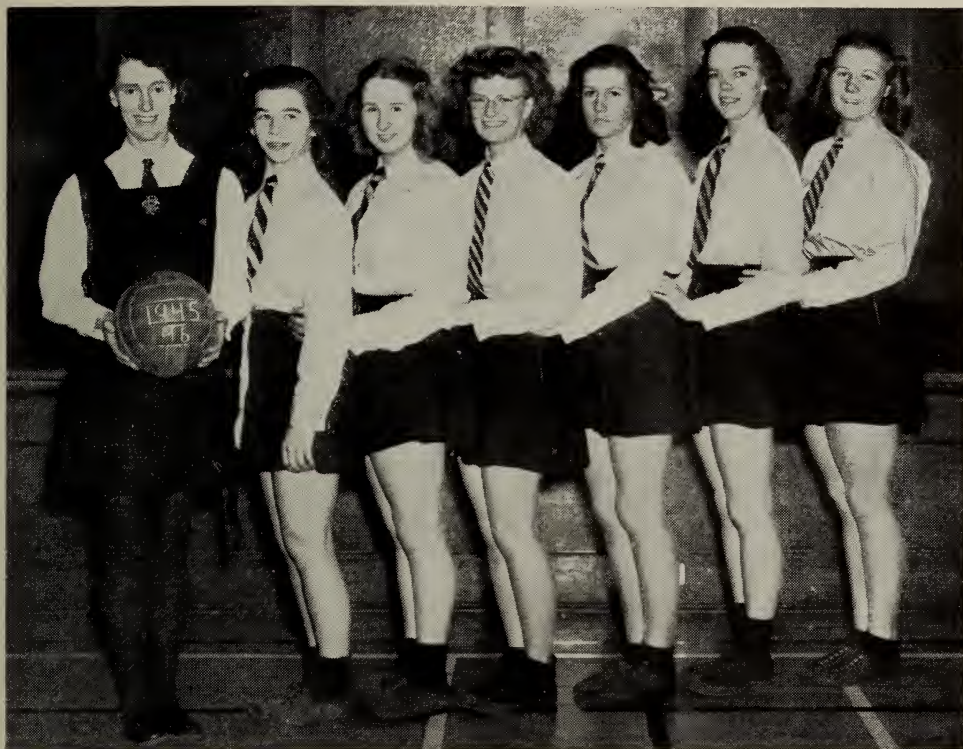
In sports, Matheson came second in middle-school volleyball, third in senior volleyball, and last in senior basketball. We are looking forward to the tennis and deck tennis games during the summer term. We are proud to have Billie for Sports Captain as she is also School Sports Captain.

As yet we have not had a house picnic. One was planned last fall, but it was cancelled because of wet weather. We hope to plan a house outing next term. The Mission Tea is another social event we are looking forward to in May, and we shall hear such remarks from house members as, "Does anyone know where we can get another silver tea-service?"

In closing I should like to say a particular "thank you" on behalf of the house to Nancie and Miss Sharman who have guided us safely through another year. I should also like to wish the best of luck to the Matheson graduates and to those girls who will be returning to the house next year.

BETTY CALVERT,
(Secretary)

FIRST BASKETBALL TEAM



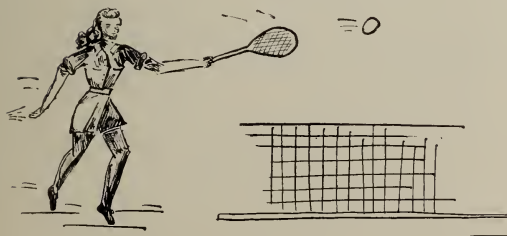
Miss Faraday, Donna Baker, Nancie Tooley, Patricia McKnight, Martha Grimble, Barbara Copeland, Louise Pellenz.

Sports 1945-46

TENNIS

Last spring we had a very large entry in our annual Tennis Tournament. The finalists were, as in the previous spring, Daphne Goulding and Martha Grimble. Martha succeeded in holding the title which she won last year and will again be defending her title this spring for the Senior Tennis Trophy.

Sports



BASKETBALL

This season in basketball has not been quite as successful as previous ones. However the players of all the four school teams have been enthusiastic and co-operative and have enjoyed every game. Here are the results of the inter-school matches:

First Team—

- Friday, Nov. 16th, vs. St. Mary's (home)—lost 42-15.
- Friday, Nov. 23rd, vs. Riverbend (away)—lost 14-13.
- Friday, March 8th, vs. St. Mary's (away)—lost 50-7.
- Friday, March 15th, vs. Riverbend (home)—won 34-28.

Second Team—

- Friday, Nov. 16th, vs. St. Mary's (home)—lost 36-27.
- Friday, Nov. 23rd, vs. Riverbend (away)—lost 12-8.
- Friday, March 8th, vs. St. Mary's (away)—lost 36-13.
- Friday, March 15th, vs. Riverbend (home)—lost 35-30.

SECOND BASKETBALL TEAM



Jennifer McQueen, Elizabeth Patton, Margaret Killick, Elaine Morton, Lucille Smith, Shelagh McKnight.

On Friday evening, February 15, the annual match for the Clark Cup was played between the first and second teams of the school and two teams of the old girls. The first team, playing against very strong opposition lost by 18-10, but the second team was successful in winning 28-16.

Third Team—

Friday, Dec. 7th, vs. Riverbend (home)—won 19-8.
 Friday, Feb. 1st, vs. St. Mary's (away)—lost 26-14.
 Friday, Feb. 8th, vs. Riverbend (away)—won 10-8.
 Friday, Feb. 22nd, vs. St. Mary's (home)—lost 32-11.

Junior Team—

Friday, Dec. 7th, vs. Riverbend (home)—lost 26-10.
 Friday, Feb. 1st, vs. St. Mary's (away)—lost 16-6.
 Friday, Feb. 8th, vs. Riverbend (away)—lost 12-10.
 Friday, Feb. 22nd, vs. St. Mary's (home)—lost 13-9.

Machray House won the Senior House basketball this year obtaining 37 points, and Dalton House came a close second with 35 points.

The inter-grade basketball was won by Grade XII after a very close game against Grade X.

VOLLEYBALL

Both the senior and intermediate house volleyball games were very exciting this year and were enjoyed by all the houses. The senior competition was won by Jones House with full marks of 99 points and Machray House placed second with 78 points. The intermediate competition in volleyball was won by Dalton House with 90 points and Matheson House was second with 81 points.

PHYSICAL TRAINING COMPETITION

The P.T. Competition was held on the afternoon of Friday, April 12, with Miss Forsythe and Miss Jackson as judges.

THIRD BASKETBALL TEAM



Betty Jo Ball, Daphne Graham, June Arbogast, Evelyn Davidson, Winifred Grayston.
Absent: Donna Kelley.

The result of this competition is as follows:

1. Grades XI and XII	87.50
2. Grade VIII	84.75
3. Grade IX	82.50
4. Grades V and VI	81.75
5. Grade VII	80.50
6. Grade X	80.00
7. Grades III and IV	78.50

GYMNASTICS COMPETITION

On Monday, April 15, the Gymnastics Competition was held, with Miss Forsythe and Mrs. Walter as judges.

The results are as follows:

Senior Cup	Donna Baker
Intermediate Cup	Marlene Musgrove
Junior Cup	Diana Nanton
Midget Cup	Ruth Ashley
Grades I and II ...	Donna Johnston

The Physical Training and Gymnastics Display will take place Wednesday and Thursday evenings, May 8th and 9th.

During the summer term the girls look forward to exciting competitive tennis and deck tennis games, besides the annual tennis tournament.

Competition has been keen this year between the houses, each house excelling in one sport or another.

This year in sports has been very active and I am sure the girls have enjoyed all the games throughout the year.

DONNA BAKER,
(Sports Captain)

Dear Girls,

Before leaving Rupert's Land — as I must this year—I would like to take this opportunity to thank my sports' captains for their wonderful help and co-operation. Their unflinching readiness to assist in every way has been a great encourage-

JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM



Rosemary Henderson, Eileen Watkins, Joan Everett, Pamela Garton, Shirley Womersley, Sheila Young.

ment to me during the nine years I have been at the school. Sometimes the demands have been great but cheerfully they have come forward and with their willing help the many tasks have been carried out successfully.

There are not many of us who really know how very important the school sports' captain is. The spirit and success of a school depends so much upon her interest and willingness to give up much of her time. Without her help we would not have success—I do not mean the victories in matches, although we naturally strive for these—but the spirit of sportsmanship which she tries to instill

in each of us is certain to help in whatever difficulties we come up against in things apart from games.

For many years to come I will look back upon the very happy times I have had with you all as some of the happiest years of my life. I know there will always be the spirit of true sportsmanship among you; and so in your physical education activities remember: "Together the qualities of the body which make a successful athlete are also the foundation of a happy and successful people."

Wishing you good luck in your matches next year,

Your very sincerely,
MURIEL FARADAY.



Summary of Red Cross Work — Throughout the War

The girls throughout the school have been very much interested in their Red Cross work during the war. Many knitted articles including socks, mitts, sweaters, scarves, helmets and washcloths have been sent overseas. Babies' layettes have been made, jumpers and other clothing have been sewn and numerous quilts and afghans have been completed.

The younger girls collected pennies and silver paper, knitted many squares and washcloths and usually succeeded in having the largest total of war savings to their credit each month.

Middle school girls and seniors besides doing much knitting, concentrated chiefly on such efforts as bazaars, raffles, fish ponds, quiz games, auction sales, fashion and variety shows and plays. Doughnut, candied apple and soft drink sales were also held, and one year blotters with the school crest printed on them were sold in aid of the Red Cross.

Hampers and Christmas parcels were sent at various times to service families, and scrapbooks and Christmas and Valentine cards were given to sick children. Ditty bags containing such things as combs, handkerchiefs, tooth brushes and soap were sent to bombed-out areas of England.

Scraps of wool were gathered and money was donated for the making of new, warm blankets for Europe. Toys were collected at Christmas time for the benefit of needy children in Canada.

Before community salvage pickups were started the girls faithfully gathered any salvage they could find, bringing it to school to be collected by the City Salvage Corps. Coat hangers were gathered and sold to dry cleaning firms, the money being given to the Red Cross. Small medicine bottles too were saved to be used in hospitals when the supply was so scarce.

Individual girls have helped in the packing of prisoner-of-war parcels, at church Red Cross clubs, and this year's members of Grades VI and VII rolled bandages in the city hospitals on Saturday mornings. Each year Grade XII has made all the school basketball crests, donating the money the teams paid for them to the Red Cross fund.

Thus throughout the war the school Red Cross branches have been very active, and although peace has come are continuing to support the very necessary work of the Red Cross.

MARGARET KILLICK

Guides and Brownies

THE NINTH GIRL GUIDE COMPANY

CAPTAIN Miss M Farrell
LIEUTENANT Mrs. P. R. Fox
COMPANY LEADERS Janet Cameron,
Margaret Killick

Red Rose Patrol

LEADER Rosemary Watkins
SECOND Gail Florance

Oriole Patrol

LEADER Doris Twidale
SECOND Eileen Watkins

Shamrock Patrol

LEADER Jane Wallace
SECOND Bula Patterson

Blue Bird Patrol

LEADER Priscilla Rayner
SECOND Patsy Taylor

The year 1945-46 has been a very eventful one for the Ninth Company. Although the company opened on September 19th without a captain, this position was ably filled temporarily by Janet Cameron and Margaret Killick. However we gratefully welcomed Miss M. Farrell as captain and Mrs. P. R. Fox as lieutenant on October 24th.

A Patrol Leaders' Conference was held in the Board Room of the Free Press Building on September 28th. The Ninth Company sent five representatives.

Our first official visit from our District Commissioner, Mrs. Girling, came on October 10. The following week many guides passed their fires for their second class when they went on a hike to River Park. Our first church parade was at Christ Church on October 20th.

On December 5th the division shield for general proficiency in the Winnipeg District inspection (1944-45) was presented by Mrs. Semmens to Johanne Wintemute who represented the company. Following this presentation Margaret Killick and Janet Cameron were awarded their gold cords, the highest award a guide can earn. Four girls were enrolled as guides that day.

A district tea was held at the new Girl Guide House on Osborne St. on February 16th to raise funds for the district. Over \$60 were raised. The following day a church parade was held at Holy Trinity Church to commemorate Thinking Day.

The Ninth Company entered the Musical Festival, and although we did not fare so well our spirits are undaunted and next year our result will be more favorable. Mrs. Fox, our conductor, deserves great praise in leading our little band of would-be warblers.

The district inspection is to be held on May 1st. Later on we are looking forward to the visit to Winnipeg of the Chief-guider, Lady Baden-Powell.

During the Christmas term twenty-five proficiency badges were earned. Plans have been made to increase this number. First-class tests are still to be arranged for.

At Christmas we sent to a needy family a hamper containing many delicious articles such as two chickens, canned goods, Christmas puddings and candies.

Again this year the Ninth Company entered the competition for the Bessborough Shield. The outfit, which contained a skirt, blouse, bloomers, hat, socks and mitts, was sent to England. The shield was won by a company from Elkhorn, while the Ninth Company placed third.

This year has been a very interesting and successful year thanks to the expert leadership of Miss Farrell and Mrs. Fox, and also the help of our company leaders Janet Cameron and Margaret Killick. We wish to thank them for their efforts and encouragement throughout the year 1945-46.

PRISCILLA RAYNER

THE NINTH WINNIPEG BROWNIE PACK

*We are the Brownies of the Pack,
And useful folk are we;
A Pack of Elves and Fairies Bright,
Who try our best to do what's right.
Come, and join the Brownies too,
Mind what Brown Owl says to you;
She helps the Pack of Rupert's Land,
In learning how to lend a hand.*

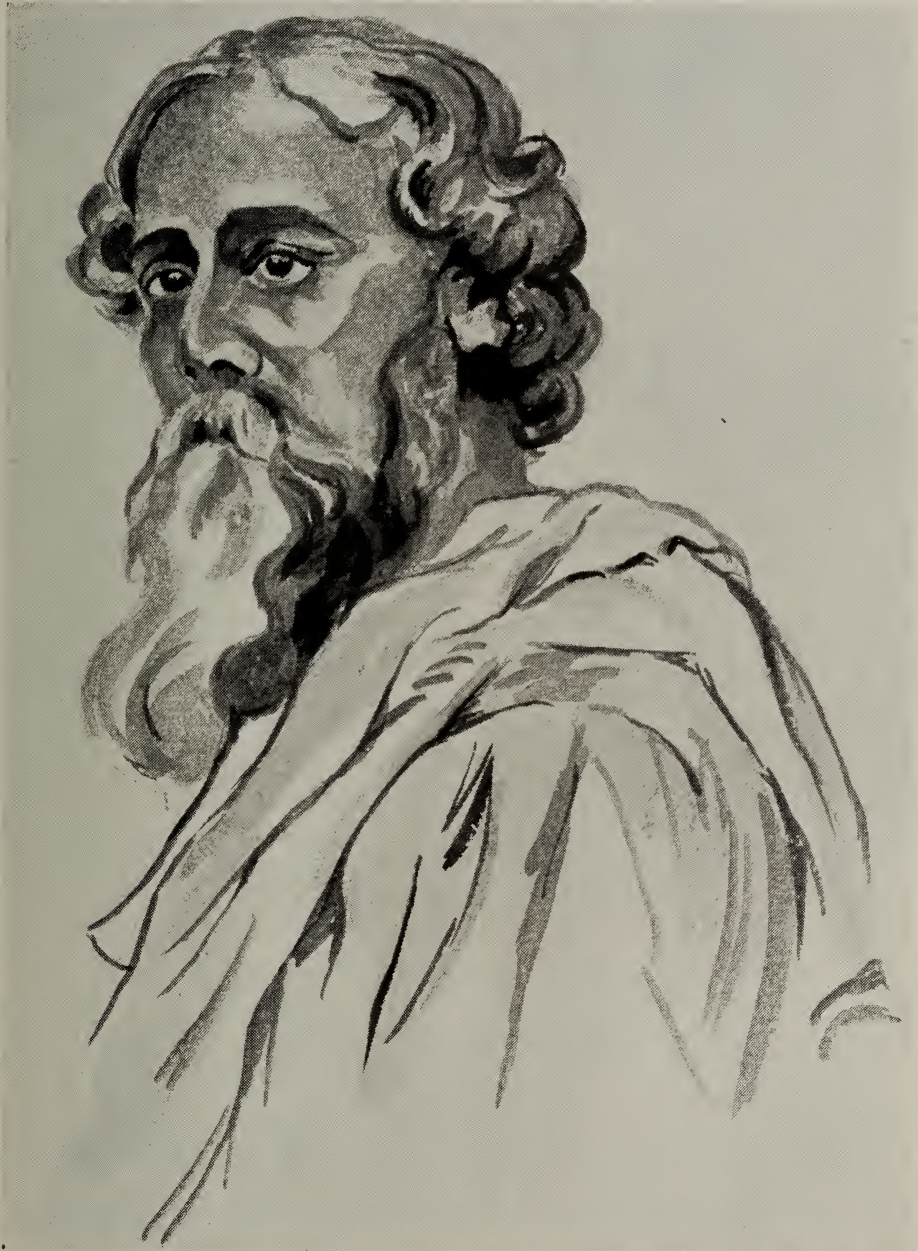
Our Brownie Pack numbered fifteen in October, when Mrs. Fox from Toronto took us over, later assisted by Mrs. Haxby as Tawny Owl. At this time there were five first class Brownies ready for their wings and to fly up to Guides, namely: Delphine Davey, Betty Gill, Isobel Jones, Glen Murray and Catherine Young.

At a Fly-Up and Enrolment held on December 5th Elaine Castle, Anna May Fox and Doreen Gardner were enrolled. Also, the First Class Brownies received their wings in the Fairy Circle which Mrs. Semmens, the Provincial Commissioner, and Mrs. Girling, District Commissioner joined. After this Brown Owl sang the Fly-Up ceremony and they were welcomed to the Guide company. Mrs. Girling presented us with a little plastic giraffe to set on the Magic Carpet.

In the meetings before Christmas little paper Christmas trees and red stockings were made in our sewing circles. The last four weeks before Christmas four of the best were chosen to stand on the Magic Carpet. The last meeting before the holidays we enjoyed a very nice party with ice cream and cookies. Then red stockings, which they had so nicely made, were filled with nuts and candy and an orange, and a little gift from Brown Owl and Tawny Owl.

Since Christmas several Tweenies have come into the Pack. The first to be enrolled was Carol Ann Bates. Many are almost ready for their Second Class. We hope to take part in the Brownie Rally in May, and sing our festival song entitled "The Brownie Toadstool." We are looking forward to Lady Baden-Powell's visit.

BROWN OWL



A STUDY

By D. Holland.

The Literary Society

Executive

HONORARY PRESIDENT	Miss Bartlett
PRESIDENT	Miss Turner
VICE-PRESIDENT	Martha Grimble
SECRETARY	Winifred Grayston
TREASURER	Patricia Liggins
SOCIAL CONVENOR	Daphne Graham

Once again the Literary Society has had a successful year under the careful guidance of our President, Miss Turner. At the meetings held this past year approximately forty members have attended showing much enthusiasm.

At the first meeting held October 25th the club was successfully re-opened and Miss Turner read very interesting excerpts from "John Brown's Body," by Stephen Vincent Benet.

The Grade X members provided an interesting meeting when they read Clemence Dane's play "Shivering Shocks." Those taking part were: Norma Davidson, Rosemary Watkins, Janet Reid, Beth McEachern, Jennifer McQueen, Barbara Cameron and Eleanor Mitchell.

At another meeting, Martha Grimble, Daphne Graham, Patricia Liggins, Patricia Gattey and Joyce Burton, some of the Grade XII members, discussed popular reading material. Some of the magazines chosen to discuss were: "Reader's Digest," "Ladies' Home Journal," "Life," "True Confession," and detective stories. Lively comments were made after the girls had given the panel discussion.

Two very interesting book reviews were given this year. The first one given by Joyce Morris and Jean McEachern was of "Two Solitudes" by Hugh McLennan, a story of the French and English racial problems in Canada. At the following meeting Muriel Lipsey and Margot Burton reviewed "So Well Remembered," one of Hilton's recent novels. From these reviews it was possible to obtain a very good idea of the contents of the books.

One of the most entertaining meetings took the form of a debate, the resolution being: "That pioneer women have done more for Canadian development than pioneer men." Although good arguments were put forth by the affirmative speakers who were Beth Hale and Janet Cameron, the members voted that the negative team, Dorothy Holland and Audrey Van Slyck, had done the better.

At one of the latter meetings we were privileged to have Mrs. Russell (Virginia Cameron) a former member of the club, who now is engaged by the Free Press, to speak to us about her work.

On behalf of the society I would like to express our sincerest thanks to Miss Turner who is always full of new ideas for the club. To all the members who have been so co-operative we wish to express our sincerest thanks for making 1945-46 a successful year for the Literary Society.

WINIFRED GRAYSTON,
(Secretary)

Rupert's Land Art Club

HONORARY PRESIDENT	Miss Bartlett
PRESIDENT	Mrs. Holland
VICE-PRESIDENT	Joy Bedson
SECRETARY	Doreen Ogilvie
TREASURER	Muriel Lipsey

The Art Club has been formed this year under the leadership of Mrs. Holland. About thirty enthusiastic members attend the meetings which are held in the common room once a month. These Friday evenings have carried a series of talks given by Mrs. Holland, concerning the basic foundations of art, and by helpful suggestions have encouraged the girls to enter for the Ethel Merle Sures Memorial Trophy Competition. Mr. Mus-

grove was the guest speaker for one of our meetings and presented very interesting slides dealing with the trend of art from the transition period up to modern times. All our meetings end with refreshments, games and community singing which is greatly enjoyed by the members, and disbanding is always delayed until the latest possible moment. On behalf of the Art Club members, I wish to express our sincere appreciation to Mrs. Holland for her ceaseless efforts to make the club successful, and also for all the extra help and advice which has been so kindly given us.

DOREEN OGILVIE,
(Secretary)

Music

As the school year began the number of girls enrolled for piano lessons was almost double the number Miss Hines could manage to teach. We were very very fortunate in getting Miss Margaret Randall to come in and take the extra girls, and good, steady work has been done throughout the year. We wish success to all those who will be taking examinations a little later in the term.

In December many of the girls played at a meeting of the Studio Club at which some of the parents were present. This gave them a little practice and experience in preparation for the recital to be held in May.



Senior girls have again enjoyed their choral work under the fine direction of Mr. Osborne, many of them singing in the choir at St. John's Cathedral at the Commemoration Service on November 1st. A small ensemble helped with the entertainment at the Alumnae Association's Theatre Night in February. Two school choirs entered the Private School Choirs' Class at the Musical Festival, which was good experience for them. The girls have very good voices and splendid tone, but the criticism that they needed to show much greater animation and enthusiasm was justified and bore out what their leader had told them.

There were a number of solo entries in the Festival and these girls all did very creditably. All the girls are most grateful to Mr. Osborne for the generous way he has given of his time and energy and for the splendid training he has given them. They also thank Mrs. Wrightson very much for coming to accompany the choirs.

To Miss Hines, Miss Randall and Miss Davidson go sincere thanks for all their enthusiastic training and encouragement to which is due the pleasure and profit which the music pupils have gained from their studies.

The Drama Competition

On Saturday, March 2nd, at 8 o'clock, the Drama Competition was held in the Assembly Hall. Each house presented a one-act play which was most ably adjudicated by Miss Kathleen Parker.

Matheson House put on "Elizabeth Refuses," a comedy adopted from "Pride and Prejudice," and produced by Billie Baker with the following cast:

ELIZABETH BENNETT Janet Reid
JANE BENNETT Shannon Hall
MRS. BENNETT Eileen Conlin
MR. COLLINS Elizabeth Patton
LADY CATHERINE DE BOURGH
..... Nancie Tooley

Miss Parker awarded this play first place with 170 marks out of 190. She remarked that the girls interpreted the characters very well, and that the stage setting and costumes were most effective.

Liz Patton was judged the best male character for her amusing portrayal of Mr. Collins.

* * *

Dalton House, with Pat Gattey producing, presented "The Grand Cham's Diamond," a humorous mystery which placed second with 160 marks.

Cast:

MRS. PERKINS Joy Bedson
MR. PERKINS Priscilla Rayner
POLLY PERKINS Barbara Cameron
STRANGER Winifred Grayston
ALBERT WATKINS Beth McEachern

The audience laughed heartily at the Perkins family, and shared their suspense over the problem of the diamond. Joy Bedson was judged the best female character, as Mrs. Perkins.

Jones House chose "A Night at an Inn," a mysterious play produced by Murial Lipsey.

Cast:

A. E. SCOTT-FORTESCUE
(THE TOFF) Norma Davidson
WILLIAM JONES
(BILL) Elaine Morton
ALBERT THOMAS Esmé Nanton
JACOB SMITH
(SNIGGERS) Jennifer McQueen
THREE PRIESTS OF KLESH
Margaret Killick, Joan Norrie,
Gwen Lipsey
KLESH Mary Harris

In placing this play third with 159 marks, Miss Parker said that the girls had made a good attempt at presenting a difficult play. The dim lighting was particularly effective, especially when the idol reclaimed its stolen eye which glowed red in the dark.

* * *

"Shivering Shocks," produced by Judy Claydon, was presented by Machray House, and received 148 marks.

Cast:

CAPTAIN DALLAS,
V.C., D.S.O. Judy Claydon
KYSH Jean McEachern
GRANVILLE HUGHES Barbara
Copeland
"THE SHEPHERD"
..... Audrey Broadfoot
DAWSON Gwen Roberts
INSPECTOR JAMES POLLOCK
..... Sue De Lamater

As Sheila Young was unable to take the part of Captain Dallas, Judy Claydon, at very short notice, took her place, for which she deserves much credit. Miss Parker said that the stage setting was particularly commendable.

Miss Parker said that the standard of performance was very creditable, and that in making her choice of the best she had been presented with a problem. Everyone enjoyed the preparation of the plays, even though practices were sometimes irksome, and I think the girls were sorry when the night was over.

BETTY CALVERT

Missions

This year, as for the past few years, the girls brought toys and trinkets to school for the Indian children at Kam-sack, Saskatchewan. These were collected before Christmas so that they could be sent as Christmas presents.

The Mission Tea is to be held on Saturday, May 18th, and as usual the money raised at this tea will go partly to the Zenana Bible and Medical Mission and

partly to the Sunday School by Post which does such good missionary work in Canada. The money sent to India helps to support an Indian girl at the school and a cot in the hospital, and also pays part of a teacher's salary. We are confident that our Mission Tea will be as great a success this year as it has been in the past.

BETTY CALVERT

Initiation Day

(Illustrated by Beth McEachern)

The 7 o'clock rising bell rang with its usual vim and vigour. Also as usual, the boarders of 'Rupe opened a sleepy eye, and promptly closed it in anticipation of another forty winks. However, little did they know . . . the day was Sept. 27th, Initiation Day, and no sooner had the old girls realized this fact than they were up and shaking the drowsy initiates into doubtful wakefulness.



The staff skit was hilarious, Nurse proving herself particularly versatile by making the trumpet say 'uncle'.

Who will (or can) ever forget Trudy Patton's impromptu speech on "Love," for which she was later crowned (with impressive ceremony) "Miss Rupert's Land, 1945."

And who can feature Nancy McAra's consternation on discovering that the "empty" balcony she had made love to had really contained Miss Turner? Nancy left 'Rupe soon after that . . . I wonder if . . .

During the evening punch, cake and sandwiches were served, and soon disappeared in a cloud of crumbs.

The party broke up about 10.15 with the singing of "Alta Petens," the tired initiates soon retired to bed, feeling themselves 'new girls' no longer, but really a part of 'Rupe.

JANET REID

The initiation pranks (?) which started early in the morning continued all day, but the evening party was really the climax.

Dressed fashionably in long winter underwear and one or two-piece bathing suits, "les misérables" executed weird dances and cut fantastic capers to amuse their exacting audience.

One thing that haunts me yet is the agonized expression on Carolyn Searle's face, as she tickled some worms (?) with her bare feet!

Gwen Roberts rode a bicycle around the gym in fine style, and Shannon Hall 'cooked' an egg in the middle of the room, but due to a particular stomach was unable to eat it!



THE KINDERGARTEN



Left to Right (sitting): Brenda Bodie, Brian Brewer, Bonnie Davidson, Judith MacDonald, Robert Myrudd, Robert Hollenberg, Brian Finlay, John MacDonald, Gail Winters.

Standing: Richard Robertson, George Roberts, Mel Baker, Carol Smith, Susan Stephens.

Absent: Shelagh Kelsey, Allan Bostrum, Geoffrey Robbins, Carol Armstrong, Brian Sparrow, Madeline Gillespie.

The Kindergarten children are a busy and happy group. While painting and handicraft are enjoyed by all, they derive the greatest pleasure from the music

circles. The children gave an Eastern concert which was enjoyed as much by them, as by their parents and friends.

B. Cox

THE DEER

One year we went to Farlane for our holidays. The deer here were very tame. One morning just after the sun had risen, and before I had my breakfast, I went outside. It was a very pleasant day indeed. You could see the lake from the cottage. I was turning to go back in when I heard "tramp, tramp," it came from the trees. I looked up and there was a deer and a fawn coming towards me.

I broke a branch off a tree, it had a lot of tender green leaves on it. I held it out and the tiny deer nibbled the leaves from the branch. Suddenly they turned and disappeared among the trees. During the summer we often saw the deer, sometimes they came quite close, and always seemed to like us.

JOYCE DULMAGE,
(Grade II)

A BEAR AT CLEAR LAKE

We were at Clear Lake last summer and had such a good time. We heard that a bear was wandering around and we all hoped that he would not come near our cottage. One evening men came to our cottage to get Daddy. They said that the bear had been caught. I had to stay in bed, but I did want to go along too.

The next morning Daddy took me down to the spot where the bear had been found. Trees had been cut down and piled, without the branches being cut off, and the bear had gone through the brush and got tangled so that he could not get free. He was caught by the men and didn't give us any more trouble, but I wish I could have seen him alive in the brush.

RONALD DIAMOND,
(Grade II)

GRADES I AND II



Back Row: Harold Gillespie, Joyce Dulmage, Anna May Fox, Carole Lennox, Gail Robson, Jacqueline Sitybell, Carol Ann Bate, Anine Moore, Ronald Diamond.

Front Row: Michael Peikoff, Doreen Gardner, Patsy Hobbs, Velma Witation, Donna Johnston, Gayle Collins, Beverly Haigh, Michaele Easton, Peter Perrin. Absent: Dorothy Richardson and Marilyn Gilliat.

MY PONY

We have a farm at Headingly and my three brothers and I all have ponies to ride. My brother was given a little brown pony. Her name is Beulah. I rode this pony and liked her best of all.

On my birthday, January 21st, Henry gave her to me for a present.

We have so much fun together. Beulah is having a colt in the summer time. When we ride and jump fences Beulah stops and stands still and just watches the other horses go over. One day when we were riding Beulah bucked. I fell off. She quickly came back to me. She put her nose down and said she was sorry. When I go into her stall she tries to get my hat in her mouth. Every Sunday I bring her sugar and carrots. I love Beulah.

DOROTHY RICHARDSON, (Grade II)

OUR PET DOG

One day when I was playing out on the street I saw a little dog following me. I took the dog to my house. My mother was washing down in the basement that day, so I took the dog down to the basement. My mother thought it was a stray dog.

Mother came upstairs and 'phoned the police. The policeman put an advertisement in the paper. One day a lady came and said she thought the dog was hers, but she found it was not hers. No one

else came to claim the dog so we called her our own.

One night there was a big crash. We all ran to the kitchen to see what had happened. My dog was up on the table licking the butter. We had not cleared away the dishes. She broke practically all the dishes. So we put her down in the basement to sleep.

The next day we gave her a nice breakfast, because we had forgiven her.

GLADYS WARD, (Grade III)



GRADES III AND IV



Back Row: Shelagh Donegani, Joy McLaurin, Patricia Lambert, Arline Wardley, Beverley Aird.
 Middle Row: Glen Murray, Sylvia Pierce, Ruth Ashley, Eirene Landon, Elaine Castle, Sheila Reilly, Betty Gill.
 Front Row: Pitsy Perrin, Suzanne Finkelstein, Joan Anderson, Arlene Phillips, Patricia Benham, Gladys Ward, Honor Bonnycastle.

OUR DOG

We have a brown, black and white dog. His name is Skipper. He is very nice and kind. But he goes away so often and doesn't come back for three or four days.

One day Skipper got a cut in his paw and had to have three stitches in it.

Skipper is a clever dog. When we go swimming sometimes he jumps in with us and swims too.

Skipper is a great friend of mine. He stays with me most of the time when I am at home, and even comes to meet me at the bus sometimes.

HONOR BONNYCASTLE, (Grade III)

MY DREAM

One night I turned out the light and when I went to sleep I had the queerest dream. I dreamt that I visited the princess in Fairyland.

In my dream I had on the same kind of clothes that the princess had. I had on a blue hat with sparkles all over it and a long blue dress. We also had blue shoes.

We went to a dance and we wanted to be back by one o'clock so we set up a clock in the dance hall. All the boys wanted to know what the clock was for. I told nearly all of them and then the princess took over. The clock was just going to strike one when I woke up. My, that dream seemed so very real.

BEVERLEY AIRD, (Grade IV)

A RADIO SPEECH LESSON

Monday mornings we have a radio speech lesson instead of our usual reading lesson.

I will tell you about one of our lessons. Miss Eldred put our rhymes on the blackboard for our vocal exercises. They were Betty Botts and Peter Piper. Miss Eldred explained we were drilling on the sounds "P" and "B". They have the same position on our lips but "P" is voiceless and we use our voice for "B". We can easily understand the difference between a voiceless and a voiced sound, because by placing our fingers on our larynx we



Back Row: Donna Smith, Diana Nanton, Katherine Vlassie, Doris Tucker, Barbara Risk, Sally Dangerfield.
 Second Row: Claudia Sullivan, Gail Stewart, Cathy Young, Ourania Nash, Mary Lane Ward, Johanne Wintemute, Teresa Thain.
 Bottom Row: Anne Oriol, Delphine Davey, Isabel Jones, Janet Carman, Lyn Doupe, Daphne Hanson, Shirley Mott. Absent: Phyllis Erwin.

do not get any vibration for "p" but we do for "b".

When the radio program came on the air we were able to follow the directions Miss McCance gave us and join in, and take part with many boys and girls in Manitoba.

This speech lesson was followed by a story of Dumpy the Pony, which we all enjoyed.

JOY MCLAURIN, (Grade IV)

MY SHOES

During our social studies lessons we have been studying about leather.

We wrote all our lessons in a book which looked like a large boot.

We learned so many things about leather. When we found out leather is really cowhides we memorized the poem, "The Cow," by Robert Louis Stevenson. One of the girls read the story of "The Shoemaker and the Elves" and we had a picture show of this story too.

We learned about the different qualities of leather, also that it goes through a

tannery before going to a factory. After leather has been cut and shaped it is sewn by either hand or machine, and then made into shoes and packed in boxes before going to the shoe stores.

The next time we buy new shoes it will be more interesting because we know how shoes are made and where they come from.

RUTH ASHLEY, (Grade IV)

THAT'S GRAMMAR

Diana Brown wrote in her book,

"The dog is laying down."

"The dog is lying down you mean,"

Said Teacher with a frown.

"You ought to know that hens lay eggs,
 But dogs do not lay down."

"But if you're speaking of the past,

And what you want to say

Is that the dog was lying down

Last week or yesterday,

Why, then, you say the dog lay down.

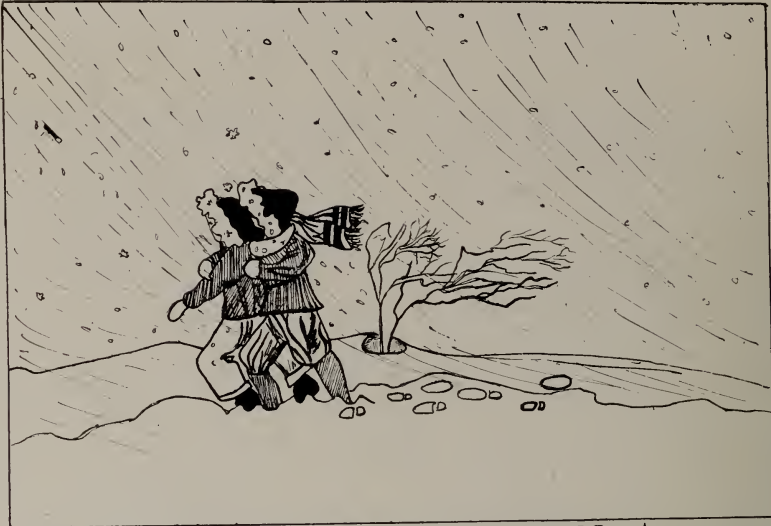
Now is that clear, Diana Brown?"

DELPHINE DAVEY, (Grade V)



Extra Curricular Studies

Autographs



TWO LITTLE BOYS IN A BLIZZARD by
NOLI ANGELLE G.R. VII

THAT'S GRADE SIX

When you come into a room,
You will hear a terrific boom,
That's Grade Six.

You will see an Oriel small,
And a Tucker very tall,
That's Grade Six.

You will see a Katherine stout,
And Johanne with a pout,
That's Grade Six.

Lyn is combing her lovely red hair,
And Janet's just saying, "Ah! that's not
fair"—
That's Grade Six.

Phyllis and Sally are great pals,
Phyll has black hair but brown is Sal's,
That's Grade Six.

Now wouldn't you like to visit us?
But mind you don't come on a crowded
bus.

JOHANNE WINTEMUTE,
(Grade VI)



A hunting we will go
DIANA NANTON
GRADE V

FROSTED WINDOWS

Sparkling like diamonds, twinkling like
stars

That fall from the heavens to this
great land of ours,
Thousands on thousands glitter on panes
Glittering and glimmering until it
rains,

Showing great radiance in the heat of a
light,
Their lustrous gleaming, then melt out
of sight.

If this great show you wish you could
see,
Stay where you are, the admission is
free.

See yonder window, the white frost
outside,

The lamplight behind it, the storm
window's slide

There is that picture, that's all without
cost,

That unsurpassed beauty is merely
Jack Frost.

BULA PATERSON,
(Grade VII)

A VISIT TO CLEAR LAKE

Clear Lake is one of Manitoba's
loveliest holiday resorts. It is situated in
Riding Mountain National Park. For
many years it was practically unknown
because there was no railroad in, and no
roads were built until the territory was
set apart as a National Park.

The lake itself is a beautiful sight. The
water is a deep greenish blue, and it is
fringed with tall pine trees.

GRADE VII



Back Row: Pamela Garton, Betty Muir, Norma Shipley, Geraldine Scheopp, Patricia Copley.
 Middle Row: Nancy Shields, Patricia Phillips, Eileen Watkins, Gladys MacKinlay, Kathleen Blake, Cynthia Clarke.
 Front Row: Marlene Musgrove, Shelagh Morrison, Bula Paterson, Phyllis Oretzki, Patricia Taylor, Noli Angelle. Absent: Ruth Simonds.

The town site is called Wasagaming. There are hotels, stores, post office, and restaurants to cater to the needs of the tourists. Many attractive cottages can be seen all along the lake. For those interested in sports there are tennis courts, playgrounds, riding stables, golf course, boating, and fishing.

There is a very interesting Museum Building set in a beautiful flower garden. One of the sights of this garden is the great rows of delphiniums which grow in great numbers. The Museum itself contains stuffed specimens of the bird and animal life of Manitoba, and a collection of Indian relics and handicraft. The furniture is hand made from native wood and is very beautiful. It contains a small Chapel which is available to any Church for services.

The whole park is beautifully kept and I can think of no lovelier place to go for a summer vacation than Clear Lake.

PAT COPLEY, (Grade VII)

FANCY

Across the ever-flowing river,
 A lovely place is to be seen,
 Half hidden in the mists of morning,
 Clothed in wisps of mossy green.

Do the fairy folk live yonder?
 Do the fairy flowers bloom?
 Does their elfin Queen sit weaving,
 Weaving at a precious loom?

Does she weave the tales of princes,
 Lovely tales of joy and woe?
 Does she weave from scenes of nature
 Lake of blue that I love so?

All these thoughts are but a question,
 An unanswered mystery;
 If I stopped at facts, not fancy,
 Anyone could answer me.

JOANNA HOLLENBERG,
 (Grade VIII)

GRADE VIII



Back Row: Lucy Hooker, Nancy Smith, Ann Drew, Elizabeth Hickman, Joan Croll.

Middle Row: Doreen Pearson, Shirley Womersley, Joan Everett, Jill Baker, Gail Florance, Diane Liggins.

Front Row: Barbara Moorhouse, Elizabeth Stevenson, Dale Ross, Rosemary Henderson, Mary Lou Sime, Joanna Hollenberg. Absent, Jane Wallace.

THOUGHTS

Alone at night
With a sense of solitude creeping o'er me
I feel the claws of thought
Drift down,
Too dense to see completely.

Only fragments of thought come to me
At a time.
Perhaps when mortal life
Is near an end
I may be able to piece these fragments
together.

How can I tell what may come of them?
My thoughts might make the petals of
many flowers
Or altogether make the heavens a trifle
bluer.

GAIL FLORANCE,
(Grade VIII)

RESTLESSNESS

The moon is rising o'er the earth,
Soft and golden in its birth.
It falls on swift and rushing streams
Making them move in darts and gleams.

The sea gulls flying in the sky
Acknowledge sorrow with a sigh.
They circle round on shimmering wings.
One scarce can read their beckonings.

O, would that I were free as they
How soon would night be changed to day.
How soon my sorrows slip away,
To fly with birds at break of day.

GAIL FLORANCE,
(Grade VIII)

GRADE IX



Back Row: Sheila Young, Donna Armstrong, Alison Govan, Gaie Brock, Judy Adamson, Barbara Douglas, Susan Clifford.
Front Row: Shelagh McKnight, Shirley Ratson, Shannon Hall, Sheila McRae, Lois Young, Shirley Anderson, Genevieve Smith.

THE MODERN CINDERELLA

At the present there was a slick chick with a drape shape named Cinderella. Her gruesome stepmother had two daughters, Cinderella who had to wear prim sloppy joes all day and was called a cinder wench. The other was a triple unhubba hubba girl.

The king's son a heavenly hurd gave a B 'n B which invited all the twoderful chick chicks and their mellow men. This was a hunk of a heartache to Cinderella as she was not allowed to even join a hag stag let alone a crash dive with a jive bomber.

That afternoon she helped her sister don her date dress with all her jingle jangles. Her sister thought she would be dait bait for all the F. J's as she left with her o.a.o. he said "Lets tumble tumble weed. We shan't be late if you'll be jet propelled."

So Cinderella was left mooching by the fireplace. With a whiz her fairy grandmother appeared saying "Pass the gravel gertie. If you want anything just whistle."

"I wish I could go out on a bombing mission with my solid jackson. It would be twoderful to make with the feet and munch moo with goo."

Her wish was granted. She found her-

self in a lush plush with reet pletes, her hair in a top knot, wearing hedge hoppers and looking like the bell of the ball. Her dream boy had arrived and before the two record raters left they heard the atomic grandmother telling her to hit the hay before the witches prowls.

At the B 'n B canteen she jived with the heavenly hurd falling in love, but as time waits for no one soon it was time to leave.

By chance when the hep cat scrambled down the stairs one of her gorgeous hedge hoppers slipped off her foot. After she had gone the heavenly hurd found it and said he'd get hitched to the girl who owned it.

The fol'owing day he rode to every house in his super duper maxwell. Soon he arrived at the sad sacked stepmother's place and inquired if they would don the shoe. When the sweet dished Cinderella's turn came they fitted her rhythm rocking feet exactly. He had found the apple of his eye and the two eloped. Her startled sister felt like an inside dope to think that a cinder wench had become a cover girl. So the doll dazzler Cinderella and her heavenly hurd had smooth sailing till the end of time.

SHIRLEY ANDERSON.
(Grade IX)

DOLLARS FOR SCHOLARS



Donna Armstrong, Sheila Young, Judy Adamson, Alison Govan.

"Hey Dot! What on earth is the difference between astrology and astronomy? What does UNRRA mean? Do you think we'll win? We'll never live it down if we don't!"

This was the typical conversation of the four members of the "JUGS" not Jugs but "Just Us Girls"—as they climbed to the second floor of the Free-Press Building for six consecutive Monday nights at seven p.m. to take part in the program "Dollars for Scholars."

At seven we trooped into the office of CKRC and were introduced to Professor Monty Halperin who in turn introduced us to our opponents for the evening.

We were lucky enough to win for three straight weeks, but on our fourth we tied with Grade Eleven from Kelvin by whom we were finally beaten on our sixth week. However we made quite a fortune and had a good time as well.

Our team consisted of four girls and a substitute.

Dorothy Newman, our captain, succeeded in catching a good dose of chicken pox in our sixth week.

Donna Armstrong, second man, acquired the odd nickname of Donna Along the Navajo Trail Armstrong Boxer, which was given to her on our first broadcast for her answers and bow legs—from riding (she says).

Alison Govan was known for thoroughly securing her stockings before the "mike" and, from extreme nervousness, sagging at the knees.

Sheila Young was our "Anchor Girl." Sheila was disturbed because she couldn't take her two dozen issues of Time Magazine and current newspapers on the stage with her. She had drilled the contents of

the same into the rest of the team before the program.

Judy Adamson suddenly found herself in front of a microphone, on the sixth week, pinch-hitting for Dorothy. The air audience tells us that the first thing they heard as she reached the mike was a strange noise — made by her teeth chattering over the floor of the studio.

The team sits on the record for the year so far, and some night later in the year there may possibly be a bell pealing the tune of School Days, and then four JUGS will be airing their knowledge (they hide it well), because the sponsors want the winning teams back to compete later in the year. So keep your fingers crossed and your radios tuned in on CKRC on Monday evenings.

GRADE IX

OUR COMMON ROOM

My poetic inclinations

I'm afraid are nil;

As for aesthetic aspirations

I have less still

In view of this my subject which

Is quite a common one,

(Don't take this as an insult please)

Our good old "Common Room."

The scene of excellent imitations (!)

And comic skits and plays,

And amusing recitations

Concerning memorable days.

And lunch is usually eaten,

To strains of gossip and of scandal,

But often these are beaten

By Chopin, Dorsey, Handel.

GRADE X

Jane Mather

Fourth Row: Barbara Cameron, Esme Nanton, Eleanor Mitchell, Jennifer McQueen, Joan Oxenham, Joyce Williams, Joyce Watkins.

Third Row: Priscilla Rayner, Joan Vincent, Kathryn Pearson, Ann Windatt, Betty Jo Ball, Janet Cameron, Trudy Patton.

Second Row: Elizabeth Patton, Rosemary Watkins, Joanne Booker, Maureen Marsh, Audrey Van Slyck, Gwen Roberts, Doris Twidale.

Front Row: Paula Munro, Peggy Musgrove, Jane Mather, Beth McEachern, Susan De Lamater, Janet Reid, Norma Davidson, Joan Armstrong. Absent: Donna Kelley, Corrinne Holmes.

To go on about the latter,
As I could go on for hours,
Rosebush, Mort and Nancy,
Of piano are our stars.

Never does a moment drag,
During a week-day noon,
Old girls return to "chew the rag"
In our famous "Common Room."

JANE MATHER,
(Grade X)

IMPRESSIONS OF A NEWCOMER

When I first walked into the tall, impressive (?) building indicated by the brass plate as Rupert's Land Ladies' College, I wondered what type of ladies attended this school. I soon found out as I entered the senior cloak-room. Such a quiet (?), tidy (???) lot of girls, never combing their hair, and none would think of looking in the mirror (it might make them too vain).

When I entered the Grade Ten classroom and saw my fellow classmates I was very pleased. But were they? Imprinted on each face was the staggering thought "Where did this queer apparition come from?" However I soon realized that I was not the only newcomer, and they too had misgivings.

During a fortnight of living in a state of semi-undress (no tie), I wandered aimlessly through the palatial (??) halls of this magnificent edifice of learning. In this time I had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with my teachers (whether this feeling was mutual I may never know).

Finally initiation day arrived and by evening I had suffered many indignities such as calisthenics (whew) in my father's underwear and my bathing suit. However this was all a lot of fun for everyone, including the victim, and part of becoming an "Old Girl" and being under the Rupert's Land roof.

However to all who are contemplating entering our halls of learning may I say don't let this little talk frighten you, for at Rupert's Land you will find a group of fun-loving girls forever "Seeking the Heights."

PRISCILLA RAYNER,
(Grade X)

ON MUSIC

There has always been a continual debate concerning the merits of "Modern Music" as compared to that of the "Old Masters," but ever since the issue of that stirring show "A Song to Remember" a great number of the adolescent screams of "Oh Frankie—you send me!" have turned gracefully to romantic sighs of "Ah . . . Chopin!" But I wonder how many of you would still continue to hero-worship Chopin if you knew that he had an inexcusable passion for pink gloves and spent a great deal of his time picking out fancy walking canes!

But that is beside the point which is—where does classical music end and popular music begin? Take again Chopin. Imagine how he would have felt knowing that the crooner Perry Como made twice as much money for his recordings of "Till the End of Time" as Chopin himself made by writing the original Polonaise. However I am sure he would have been very happy indeed to know that his music has been revived by such men as José Iturbi, Cornel Wilde and Perry Como, and is now heard every day by millions more people than probably ever heard the original composition as played in Chopin's time. Call some of these renditions disgraceful if you will, the fact remains that many people have learned to appreciate good music not only by listening to the original compositions of Chopin, but also by singing and playing the modern versions of them.

Today bobby-soxers clamor for the autographs of musicians and other public figures, but the eighteenth century bobby-soxers went wild trying to obtain samples of Liszt's bathwater. However the great musicians of this latter century were rarely appreciated by the critical public of their own age. Therefore how can we know what place Bing Crosby's singing, Irving Berlin's composing, Paul Whiteman's conducting and the piano playing of José Iturbi will take in the Hall of Fame? Only time will tell!

BARBARA CAMERON,
(Grade X)

"THE SENTIMENTAL GENTLEMAN"

No doubt it is everyone's dream when she is young to meet celebrities from the literary and the musical world, and from that fabulous land of make-believe, Hollywood. We are no exception. But it is not so easy as it may seem, and when we first decided to interview Band Leader Tommy Dorsey we had no idea of the difficulties we were going to encounter before the required interview was ours. If we had known I doubt if we would have been so full of enthusiasm at the start!

We arrived at the hotel in time to meet the members of the band, and spoke to several including Greg Phillips, Jack Dougherty, Johnny Potoker, Larry Hall, "Sy" Oliver (manager), Alvin Stroller (drums), "Babe" Fresk, Ziggy Elman (trumpet), and the vocalist, Stuart Foster. Mr. Elman, who was formerly with Benny Goodman's band, was particularly helpful, and talked to us for some time about Mr. Dorsey.

Some hours later we managed to speak to Mr. Jacobs on the telephone to arrange an interview with him. Mr. Jacobs, a slim, dark-haired young man, met us in the lobby, and it was from him that we got our information.

Mr. Jacobs told us that Mr. Dorsey was sleeping and could not be disturbed, otherwise we would have been able to talk to him personally. The band leads a very hard life, often going for long hours without rest, and playing a succession of one-night stands, so that whenever possible the players sleep in the daytime. After leaving Winnipeg it is going to Saskatoon, from there to Edmonton, then to Calgary, and finally Vancouver. On May 6 Mr. Dorsey is taking his orchestra to Hollywood where he will make another picture.

When asked how Mr. Dorsey got his start as an orchestra leader, Mr. Jacobs replied that the two Dorsey brothers, Jimmy and Tommy, formed their own band in 1933, and in 1935 Tommy decided to form his own orchestra. We asked what Mr. Dorsey thought of the classics, and Mr. Jacobs replied that he liked them very much, but a swing band did not have much chance to perform them in their original form. Here Mr. Jacobs laughed. "However," he said, "we often swing the classics." Sweet music is Mr. Dorsey's favorite type of music, his favorite songs being "Stardust" and "There Are Such Things."

In answer to our inquiry concerning the appreciativeness of Canadian audiences compared with American ones, Mr. Jacobs replied, "Definitely Canadian audiences are as appreciative of Mr. Dorsey's music as American ones, if not more so." He added that although this was not Mr. Dorsey's first trip to Canada, it was

his first visit to western Canada. He said that Mr. Dorsey had not had much time to form an opinion, but from what he had seen of the west he liked it better than Eastern Canada, as he found the people more friendly. He added that the people here dressed more like the people in New York.

Soon after, we left the three men, Mr. Jacobs, Mr. Elman and Mr. Foster, feeling sure that Tommy Dorsey's orchestra would score a hit not only in Winnipeg, but in every city in which they perform.

NORMA DAVIDSON AND

JANET REID (Grade X)

CONTENTMENT

An antiquated and very dusty bus joggled along a broad highway. The wide, modern highway was smooth enough, but the dilapidated condition of the bus caused evident discomfort to the passengers. The bus was crowded with many women who, despite the many jolts and bumps, were vainly trying to catch a glimpse of the rolling New York scenery through the dust-laden windows. The country air was fresh with the sweet, pure smells of spring, but inside the bus the sickly odor of stale gas overcame the sweeter breezes and left the poor women in a very depressed state.

Suddenly the bus stopped with a jolt and the travel-worn women found themselves outside several large buildings with a sign on the lawn reading, "Hunter College." As they stumbled out the door they were greeted by a very business-like official in uniform.

"You ladies are to clean out this gymnasium thoroughly and have it done by five o'clock. Buckets, water and mops are by the door, so hurry up . . . it's a large room." With these orders the women were directed to a large stone building and upon entering they knew that the official had not exaggerated when he had called the room "large." Rows and rows of desks were arranged in semi-circles in front of a large platform where many tables and chairs were placed. Shavings and sawdust littered the floor causing audible grumbles from many of the women who all realized that a long, hard day lay before them.

A young woman picked up her equipment without the many grumbles which were so prevalent among the rest of them, and quietly set about scrubbing one corner of the room. Her face was that of a young woman but her worried eyes and prematurely gray hair gave her the appearance of a woman of fifty.

"Hey, Maggie," a voice called, "got any extra soap? I forgot to get any."

The young girl straightened her back

and shoved a cake across the floor to her companion. "Here you are," she said.

"Thanks, Mag. Say, I saw your kids at the school festival last night. Swell buncha kids ya go there—yes sir—some swell kids."

"Yes, they were 'swell kids' alright," thought Maggie. "But five children eat a lot of food which costs a lot of money, so I guess I'll have to go on working for it. If only their father hadn't lost his arms overseas . . . but that can't be helped."

Breaking away from her thoughts Maggie sat on one of the many desks around the room and rested her aching back. Glancing around her she noticed that many of the women were simply sitting in groups laughing and gossiping. At first Maggie thought that they were simply resting but soon she noticed that they did not look in the least tired and the work in their corner was far behind that of the work of the other sections of the room, so Maggie began to wonder.

They were being paid by the hour so what did they care? No one was supervising them, so who would ever be the wiser, for the more energetic and honest ones could do most of the work? Why couldn't Maggie earn her money that way, for wasn't gossiping much easier than scrubbing floors? All these thoughts raced through Maggie's mind.

Then her eye caught the newspaper she had been kneeling on. Despite the dirty and wet condition of the paper a caption stared up at Maggie reading, "Rate of Theft Rising in U.S.A." The sentence ran through and through Maggie's mind until suddenly the stark realization of what these women were doing flashed before her.

"Why that's what those women are doing," thought Maggie. "By cheating on the job they are really stealing their employer's money." With a decided gesture Maggie picked up her pail and set to work again.

At the end of a tiring day Maggie returned to her shabby apartment on the east side of New York, and as she returned four dollars richer than she had been when she left the apartment, the five children, her disabled husband and herself had their first substantial meal in a week. For the next few days Maggie worked doggedly at any jobs she could find and soon her financial worries were lessening, for with determination such as hers no one could fail.

One evening Maggie heard the familiar clack, clack, clack, of the landlady's heels as she ascended the wooden staircase. For the first time in weeks Maggie could open the door with a clear conscience to pay her patient landlady the rent which had long been overdue. But, much to Maggie's surprise the landlady did not mention the rent at all.

She said, "Mrs. Wilson, didn't you say that you were cleaning at Hunter College the other day?"

"Why, yes, I did," Maggie replied.

"Well, I thought you might be interested in this then," answered the landlady, whereupon she thrust a paper into Maggie's hands and promptly left.

Curiously Maggie opened the paper and wonderment soon changed to surprise as she read the headline, "U.N.O. Conference Meets at Hunter College To-day." Looking down further Maggie's eyes rested upon a picture of Mr. Byrnes, the Secretary of State, sitting in one of the many desks in a large room.

"Why he's sitting in the very desk I sat in when I decided to really work for my living. Thank goodness I cleaned it well," she cried. She sank into a chair with a smile on her face. Maggie was contented.

JENNIFER MCQUEEN,
(Grade X)

FISH?

In the middle of June
Neath a pale blue moon
A fish went flying by.
And to his mate
A charming young skate
He opened his mouth to cry—
"O Marilla,
How happy I would be
If we could find a pea-green boat
And sail to the Emerald Sea."
Now Marilla was a kindly fish,
And greatly loved was she,
So she washed her claws
And bowed and scraped
And came to beg of me.
Now I didn't have a pea-green boat
Nor paddy green, nor blue,
But Marilla thanked me anyway,
A pleasant fish it's true.
Marilla's kindly husband,
Josiah Brown by name,
Was feeling very badly,
But shook his tousled mane,
And settled down, and worked quite hard
And found 'twas not in vain.
For finally through careful work
A pea-green boat was made.
He fitted it with sail and oars
And called it "Misty Maid."
The moral of this story is
That whether fowl or fish,
If strong your will
And with moderate skill,
You can get what e'er you wish.

DIANE GARDNER,
(Grade XI)

EVENING

The pale blue even sky
Deepens now
To azure blue.
Away to the far west
A wan strip
Of rose remains.
Now in the evening sky,
Some silver stars are scattered.
As night is drawing nigh,
The moon her pale white rim relights.
Across the darkened river,
A hundred lights awaken.
Reflections on the river
Are rippling with the river's flow.
The shadows stretch out further;
The starlight now grows brighter,
Till everywhere
All is dark
Beneath a silver spangled sky—
It is the night.

ROSEMARY WATKINS,
(Grade X)

ON BUTTONS

(To be read quickly—or not at all)
Buttons! Buttons! and more buttons!
Some wise people claim that the world
hangs together by buttons although
frankly, if the truth be told, I would
rather rely on a zipper. I don't really
mean 'rely' on a zipper though because
it is never safe to rely on such articles.
Nevertheless, instead of talking about
buttons, let us discuss these said zippers.

Now a zipper is a metal fixture which
consists of numerous little hooks fastened
in two delicate rows on opposite sides of
a long gap. This gap is exactly what we
want to overcome and so we take a metal
runner and zip it up over the hooks
which snuggle down beside each other,
thus interlocking, and pulling their res-
pective materials together.

Zippers run in a variety of colors, in a
variety of lengths and in a variety of
powers. I know a certain long one on a
certain briefcase, that is (to say it
mildly) quite temperamental. There are
times when great gaps occur only to ex-
pose the contents and the problem would
have been worse had the zipper been on
a dress instead of the case. Then there
is another which I have had the misfor-
tune to come in contact with. This one is
hidden in a suit skirt, and it was impu-
dent enough to break the first week that
I had it. However I soon overcame this
with that master invention—the safety
pin.

Safety pins are TRULY wonderful.
When the buckles and buttons all fall off
our horses' blankets, what do we use?
The safety pin. But why waste time on a
pin, let us discuss the horse. (I knew I
would get there somehow—as usual !!)

A horse is a large animal who uses

four legs for his locomotion. These legs vary in size according to the breed of the horse but they are nearly always quite beautiful. Moving up from the front legs we approach the shoulder which is a massive structure that denotes the speed and power of the horse. Leaving the shoulder, we proceed along a sleek neck to a head. At the top of this head we find two ears which are exceedingly wonderful in that they can put themselves in nearly any position the horse wishes to put them in according to his mood. These ears are fitted into sockets thus enabling the equine to turn them completely around to the back or to the front, and, because of the numerous moods, there are numerous positions. From the ears we move down past the large brown eyes to his nose, only to end up at the mouth which is usually examined from the inside.

Once inside we find two rows of teeth. A horse's age can be told by his teeth (that is so because a horse eats sideways) but frankly (joke ! !) I have never dared to get close enough to determine the horse's age—who wants to know ! ! ?

I have often wondered how old the whale was that Jonah was inside, but then, as I am not sure if one tells the age of a whale by his teeth or not, it really does not make much difference and what is more, if Jonah was INSIDE the whale, what would he be doing in the locality of the whale's teeth—such folly would be dangerous no less. I mean after all—the poor man — he didn't realize that we wanted to know that whale's age or I feel sure that he would have made a point of exploring the mammal's grinders on the way down.

Enough of this, please, how did I get from buttons to zippers to safety pins to horses to whales? I for one don't know but only wish that when I started I could have known just what was going to happen, but even so, buttons can be very pretty, don't you think?

JOY BEDSON,
(Grade XI)

THE LONELY PATH

"Robbie! You get out of that bed! Goodness me! if you ain't the laziest boy I ever saw! For Pete's sake, hurry! It's ten after eight."

Bob slowly sat up and climbed out of bed, stretching his fourteen years' growth as he rubbed his eyes with the back of his hands. Amid a few grunts and groans he dressed, taking great care to have his pants hanging in the proper folds and his hair waved at the right spot.

Before going downstairs, he turned to the window and opened it, letting the fresh spring air flow into the room. The

past him, intoxicating him a little with sweet elusive smell of budding lilacs fled its fragrant memory. He looked down at the garden where sprouts of carrots, radish, celery, chives and lettuce were beginning to peep through the wiggly rows of earth. A large fat robin tried vainly to yank a squirming earthworm from the earth; with a tremendous tug he succeeded, and flew triumphantly away.

Bob turned and went downstairs slowly, knowing that he had to face the usual morning ordeal. His mother never stopped nagging at him, he thought bitterly. As he entered the kitchen, he saw his mother, a small, thin, energetic woman, bustling around the kitchen, trying to eat her breakfast, prepare Bob's, and wash last night's dishes. The result was a failure for Bob's breakfast.

Grimly he removed his blackened toast from the toaster, cut another piece, put it in, and started his breakfast, while his mother began her usual scolding.

"Look here, my boy, you know darn well that I have to be at work at quarter to nine. From now on you get up when I call you understand?"

"Yes, Maw," said Bob sullenly.

"And listen here," she continued, "Mr. Barkwell, your teacher, called and asked me why you were away last week; if you skip school again, so help me I'll—I'll—," she paused, realizing that she, herself, could do nothing. "I'll tell your paw when he comes back."

"Yeah!" said Bob filling his mouth with cereal, and removing the toast and buttering it.

"Also, I'd like to know where you spend your time. Just where do you go these late nights? You just wait till your paw gets back!" she threatened.

Bob half listened, not really caring what his mother said. It was the same old story morning after morning; his mother always said she was going to have a talk with him but never did. She was too busy for him, he thought, she didn't care much because she didn't have time to.

He grabbed his books and his lunch and turned to go.

"Robbie, see if you can clean up the house a little before I get back to-night," she yelled after him.

"Aw nuts!" growled Bob as he left. He scuffled down the sidewalk and turned the corner. As soon as he was out of sight of the house he dragged out a package of cigarettes from his pocket, lit one and casually threw the match over his shoulder. He puffed at it, letting it hang from the corner of his mouth as he had seen Ed Carpenter do.

Ed was sixteen, the leader of Bob's gang, a hard boiled, cocky kid. Bob was extremely proud to be in Ed's gang; there were only six others in it, Bud



Nachod, Jeff O'Hara, Shorty Carpevitch, Lefty Roberts, Chuck Harvey, Ed and himself. These seven stuck together through everything.

Quite often Bob had a twinge of conscience strike him when he skipped school, went to the pool room or raided empty houses, but he knew that his mother would not have time to discover what his pastimes were, so these moments were soon forgotten.

Lately the gang had been searching for more dangerous excitement. Just last week Bud, Jeff and Shorty had broken into the MacIntosh house when the MacIntoshes were out, and destroyed every window and picture. Bob knew that he would have to do this to prove himself a permanent member of the gang, and he did not relish the thought of such wanton destruction.

But he thought Ed was a great guy and would follow him anywhere to be with him. Bob knew he would have to prove himself as tough as the rest of them because he was two years younger.

He turned another corner and saw Ed walking ahead of him.

"Hey, Ed!" he yelled, accompanying it by a shrill whistle.

Ed turned and waited.

"Hi, kid!" he said as Bob came running

up. "Well kid, I got you your job!" he added, eyeing Bob's face as he said it.

"Yeah?" was the only remark.

"Yeah! You and Lefty and Chuck gotta steal old man Byrnes' tires. Gotta good buy for them from a guy at the filling station. This is where we start kid."

"Yeah!" said Bob again. "Where, how and when?"

"This morning."

"What! Listen, what do you think I am?" cried Bob.

"OK, OK! Can it. It's safe. Got it all figured out. No cop will be near, see, 'cause it's daylight." Bob nodded. "Old man Byrnes sleeps in till eleven. The garage is around the corner and can't be seen from his bedroom window, or the kitchen. Chuck and Lefty are meeting you outside the garage on the opposite side from the house."

"OK—"

Ed grabbed his arm as Bob turned to leave. "And listen, kid, if you don't come through you know what happens—"

Bob knew. He had known kids that had failed to take 'the big step' in other gangs; he had seen their lacerated faces and bruised limbs.

He gulped and turned down Crescent Avenue, which branched off into Fairview Avenue, where old man Byrnes lived.

The street had a relaxed air, even though scores of cars were bustling along, honking, swerving, parking; the row of trees along each side of the street were wearing new summer dresses, stretching their chartreuse arms towards the sky.

The two general drug stores, on the corner of Crescent and Fairview, wore complacent faces as people hurriedly rushed in and out of their mouths.

Bob loved to watch people; he liked to feel their exuberant energy; he loved to watch fleeting expressions cross their faces, some of boredom, happiness, listlessness; some were tired and worried.

As he walked by Sumner's Drug Store he saw a man in a wheelchair advancing towards him. Bob wanted to turn and flee; his stomach rolled into a small hard ball and sank to the ends of his toes. He stared at the man and saw only two stark stumps where there should have been two legs. He forced himself to walk past the veteran and as he did, he saw him looking at his own legs, a bitter smile on his face. That was Bob's first introduction to war casualties; the first one he had seen.

His cigarette was finished now, so he threw it away, then hauled out the package and lit another.

Turning down Fairview, he noted with

thankfulness in his heart, that the narrow street was deserted.

He began to think of what he was about to do and of the prestige and honour he would gain from it with the boys. More than anything else, he wanted to be a real member of Ed's gang. He knew that the boys looked down on him because he was younger. Well here was his big chance!

But no matter how he tried to divert his mind, he could not stop thinking of the veteran with the two pitifully empty spaces where his legs should have been. He dragged on his cigarette again but could not rid himself of his nauseated feeling.

Now he saw before him, his father's face, a dim vision. Not having seen his father for four and one-half years, the features were uncertain and the face indistinguishable. He had been nine years old when his father had joined the army, and now he was fourteen and his father was in Germany waiting to come home.

He saw Chuck and Lefty ahead and waved. A nervous fluttery feeling crept into his stomach as the thought of the penalty if he were caught.

"Ready?" whispered Chuck.

"Yeah. Everything's jake," whispered back Bob.

As they crept into the garage, suddenly the soldier's bitter smile and his father's undistinguishable face appeared before him.

Without warning, he clutched Chuck's arm and hoarsely whispered:

"Chuck, I'm not going through with it. I can't!"

"What!" the boys gasped.

"Why you yellow little coward," snarled Lefty.

"No, that's not it," interrupted Bob quietly. "You don't understand. I don't think you ever will."

He turned and disappeared before the boys could recover from their surprise.

As he walked down the dark narrow path towards the sidewalk, he felt lost and lonely. The brush and twigs scratched against him, cutting and hurting, the bushes on either side slashed and stung, leaving raw red welts on his arms and face, so he could not see, stumbling and tripping himself.

Suddenly he was in the sunshine, warm and free. He was not quite sure, but he fancied that he saw the soldier standing before him on crutches, smiling.

JEAN MCEACHERN,
(Grade XI)

FAREWELLS

It is with great regret that we say goodbye this summer to Miss Faraday who for nine years has taught physical work and gymnastics throughout the school. During this time she has created an excellent standard of sportsmanship among the girls, and has played a leading part in organizing basketball matches between the private schools in the city. From the youngest ones to the seniors, every girl has felt her influence, and will long remember the fine training she has received from Miss Faraday. When she is home once more in England, we hope that she will often think of her friends of R.L.S., both present members of the school and old girls, all of whom combine to wish her happiness in the future.

Mrs. Gray will also be leaving us this June, after two years in the school. As form teacher of Grade VIII, English teacher in the middle school, and an associate member of Machray House, she has had many friendly contacts with the girls who have appreciated her kindly interest in all their activities. Our best wishes go with her, and we hope that she will pay us a visit whenever she is in Winnipeg.

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The members of the magazine executive, and particularly our hard-working business manager, Pat Gattey.

To those who sent in literary and artistic contributions to the editors we say,

"Thank you for your interest. We are sorry that we could not use all your work this year, but send in your articles in good time next spring, and we hope that those who did not get into print this year will succeed in doing so next time."

M. G.
J. McE.
N. T.

Autographs



JUNE ARBOGAST

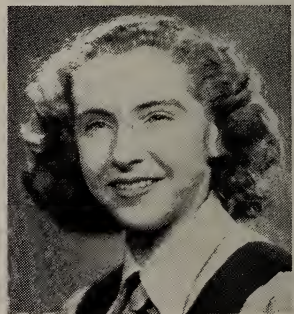


BILLIE BAKER

NAME	FAVORITE PASTIME	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	IDEA OF MISERY	THEME SONG
JUNE ARBOGAST	Listening to Symphony and worrying	"Are you kidding?"	Not getting a daily phone call from a certain person	Bo, Bo Sciditum Datum wadit
BILLIE BAKER	All sports	"What am I going to do?"	Answering the phone every night and hearing Barb's voice	She floats through the air with the greatest of ease
JOY BEDSON	Eating cartons of lemon drops	"C'mon fellas, let's go home!"	Having her "Turf and Sport Digest" come late	That old grey mare is back where she used to be
CONNIE BROADFOOT	Passing Joy her books	"Oh, I say!"	History	Onezy Twozy
MARGARET BROWN	Eating	"You're kidding!"	The rising bell	Let him go, Let him tarry
MARGOT BURTON	Riding	"Did you see the Hoogee with the Hoogee?"	History	Hand me my boots and saddle
BETTY CALVERT	Ringin the bell 10 minutes too early	"Will everyone please bring her money by tomorrow?"	Listening to Phyllis laugh	Beat out dat rhythm on the bell!
JUDY CLAYDON	Sketching dogs	"Glub"	Having the star of the play she is producing be quarantined four days before the play is performed.	Oh where, oh where has my little dog gone?

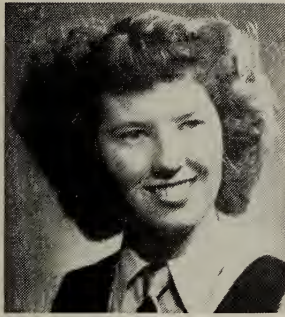


JOY BEDSON



CONNIE BROADFOOT

Graduates



MARGARET BROWN



MARGOT BURTON

IDOL	MAIN AMBITION	PROBABLE DESTINATION	FUTURE PLANS
Bing Crosby	To keep out of trouble for one day	To be known as "Rattlesnake Annie" — toughest warden "Devil's Island" ever had	Return to "Rupe"
Hubert Updike	To be six feet tall	Leading the "Midget Band" in the Shriner's Circus	Home Ec. at "U" of Manitoba
Jim Coleman of "The Globe and Mail", Toronto	To own a horse that will set a world's record	Never mind, Joy, Bing Crosby couldn't do it either	Journalism at the "U" of London, and then to become a racing columnist —perhaps
Hank, the Yodelling Ranger	To teach Miss Speers to be a good cribbage player	To be talked into becoming a Maths. and History teacher	Return to "Rupe" and then to Normal School
Sherlock Holmes	To be able to keep quiet in study	Noisy, isn't it?!?!	Undecided
Clark Gable	To be a scientist	To be chief dietitian to the white mice in a laboratory	Return to "Rupe"
James Melton	To get twenty out of twenty on an Algebra test	To get twenty out of twenty on an Algebra test	University
Gregory Peck	To own a kennel and raise dogs	The proud owner of some performing fleas which she educates herself	University



BETTY CALVERT



JUDY CLAYDON



EILEEN CONLIN

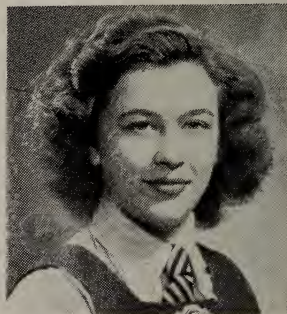


BARBARA COPELAND

NAME	FAVORITE PASTIME	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	IDEA OF MISERY	THEME SONG
EILEEN CONLIN	Waiting for the bus to Winnipeg every morning	"Really?"	Grade XI work	There goes that bus again
BARBARA COPELAND	Sleeping	Oh, Listen!	Being unable to talk	Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning
BETTY COTTERELL	Reading	Jiminy Crickets!	Geometry exams.	Hi, ho! Hi, ho! It's off to read we go
EVELYN CROWHURST	Drawing	"For corn's sake!"	Taking morning walks in 30° below zero weather	Don't fence me in
EVELYN DAVIDSON	Discussing the past weekend with "Willy"	"Are you kidding?"	Going out week-ends and not reveling in delicacies	All or nothing at all
DIANE GARDNER	Receiving letters from points west	"As the actress said to the Bishop——"	Breaking a fingernail	The west, a nest and you dear
BETHALEEN HALE	Struggling with her Latin	"Did you see that pair of drapes go by?"	Washing her hair	Do you hear that whistle Down the line
BETTY HURST	Rushing through chem. lab. to get a ride home	"Isn't that a novelty!"	Having the family stay home at night	Honey



BETTY COTTERELL



EVELYN CROWHURST



EVELYN DAVIDSON

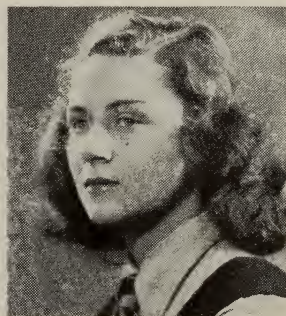


DIANE GARDNER

IDOL	MAIN AMBITION	PROBABLE DESTINATION	FUTURE PLANS
Wally!!	To work in a candy factory and eat every other one	To be the star of the side-show as "The Fattest Lady in the World"	Grade XII
Bob Hope	To learn how to work the sewing machine in Home Economics	Patching her bloomers by hand	Home Economics
Bing Crosby	To get Winnie up early in the morning	To take bugle lessons to learn how to play reveille	University in British Columbia
Bing Crosby	To meet V.V.M.	To strike up a close and lasting friendship with Bugs Bunny	Grade XII at Boissevain
Victor Mature	To lose ten pounds	Hi ya, Skin!!	Home Economics at the "U" of Manitoba
John Hodiak	To swim eighty feet under water	To discover the lost City of Atlantis	Arts at the "U" of Manitoba
Matthew Halton	To sleep through the rising bell	To work in an Alarm Clock Factory	Arts at the "U" of Manitoba
Gregory Peck	To go to Tibet to find a pink Elephant	To live on a farm in Manitoba and shoot gophers	Interior Decoration at the "U" of Manitoba



BETHALEEN HALE



BETTY HURST



MARGARET KILLICK



MURIEL LIPSEY

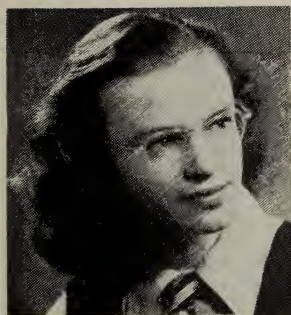
NAME	FAVORITE PASTIME	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	IDEA OF MISERY	THEME SONG
MARGARET KILLICK	Sailing—in a boat, that is!	"Has anyone done her homework?"	Homework	Sailing, sailing over the bounding main
MURIEL LIPSEY	Swimming	"I've had it!"	Sitting through study	Three little fishies in an itty bitsy pool
JEAN McEACHERN	Listening to music	"Oh, yeah!"	Being disturbed while in the bathtub	The Madam has the cutest personality
PAT McKNIGHT	Polishing her St. John's College School ring	"Who did you say got that detention?"	Out-board motors!	I can't begin to tell you
PHYLLIS MORGAN	Finding amusement in everything	"Kids, let's be scholarly today"	Listening to the recording of "Perpetual Motion"	Yah-ta-ta Yah-ta-ta
JOYCE MORRIS	Arguing	"D'you REE-alize?"	Being away from Alberta	Alberta is my sunshine, my only sunshine
ELAINE MORTON	Dieting	"Nancie, may I see your chemistry?"	Sattling down to lesson twanty and twanty-one	Ain't got a dime to my name
JOAN NORRIE	Day-dreaming	"You'll drive me stark, staring, mad, crazy—i n s a n e!"	Bands—on teeth, that is!	It's a grand night for singing



JEAN McEACHERN



PAT McKNIGHT



PHYLLIS MORGAN

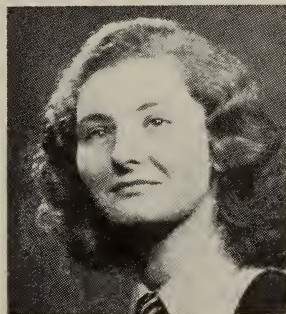


JOYCE MORRIS

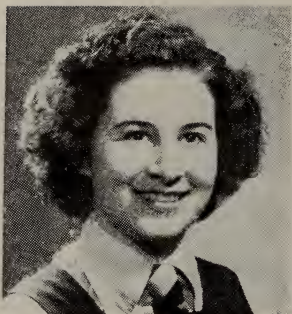
IDOL	MAIN AMBITION	PROBABLE DESTINATION	FUTURE PLANS
José Iturbi	To find a time for everything	To bring about the 25 hour day	Architecture or Arts at the "U" of Manitoba
Buster—her dog, that is!	To learn how to skate	Winnipeg bob skating champion	Arts and science at the "U" of Manitoba
Martin Johnson	To go to South America	To teach school in an Eskimo village	Arts at the "U" of Manitoba
A bulldog jaw	To drive a street car down Portage Ave. in the rush hour	To ride a kiddie-car up and down her street	To go into pre-med. at "U" of Manitoba
George Gershwin	To be able to translate Latin poetry	To have perhaps a fair knowledge of the English language at the age of 50	St. John's College
Matthew Halton	To sleep in	If Rip Van Winkle can do it—why can't she?	Return to "Rupe"
St. John's College School	To pay back all the car tickets she has borrowed	Bankruptcy!!	Arts at the "U" of Manitoba
E. J. Stettinius	To learn how to swim	To invent undeflatable water-wings	University



ELAINE MORTON



JOAN NORRIE



INEZ SCOTT



CAROLINE SEARLE

NAME	FAVORITE PASTIME	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	IDEA OF MISERY	THEME SONG
INEZ SCOTT	Riding	"Listen!"	Geometry	The music stopped
CAROLYN SEARLE	Trying to get rid of a cold	"Isn't that a novelty!"	Canadian winters	Everything's up-to-date in Kansas City
LUCILLE SMITH	Writing letters to a certain someone	"For crying in the beer!"	Playing the piano for the hymn in prayers	When his Irish eyes are smiling
NANCIE TOOLEY	Playing boogie on the piano at recess	"Not reelly, tho!"	Staying home on Saturday nights	Nancie with the laughing face
BARBARA WEIDMAN	Serving refreshments in class	"Ya talked me into it!"	No. H_2O_2	Eye-glass I'll have to dream the rest
PAT WILSON	Combing her long red hair	"Holy cow!"	Handing in History notes on time	I'm always chasing rainbows



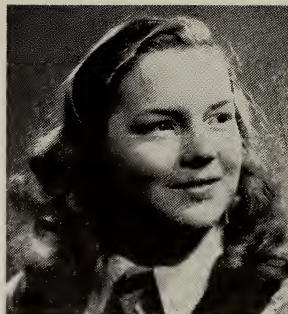
LUCILLE SMITH



NANCIE TOOLEY



BARBARA WEIDMAN



PAT WILSON

IDOL	MAIN AMBITION	PROBABLE DESTINATION	FUTURE PLANS
Bing Crosby	To be a music teacher	To be a rugby coach	Return to "Rupe"
Gregory Peck	To go skiing in a bathing suit	To catch pneumonia at an early age	Carolyn, unfortunately, for us, has moved back to the U.S.A. where she intends to study at the Ohio State University
Bugs Bunny	To be the ideal student in Latin	Shall we take up French?	Return to "Rupe"
Oscar Peterson and José Iturbi	To play "Hamp's Boogie" with Hampton's orchestra	To play "Chopsticks" in some back yard jam session	Arts and Music at the "U" of Manitoba
Thomas Wolfe	To finish Grade XI Chemistry without blowing up the school	Bang!!!	Arts at the "U" of Manitoba
Gene Krupa	To play on the St. Paul's College Rugby team	Mascot for the Rupert's Land Boys' Kindergarten Team	An X-Ray technician course

Grade XII



AUDREY BROADFOOT

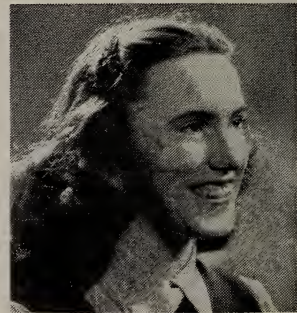


JOYCE BURTON

NAME	WEAKNESS	IDEA OF MISERY	REMINDS US OF
AUDREY BROADFOOT	Listening to Farmer Fiddlers	Serving at C.C.C.	Uncle Elby
JOYCE BURTON	Horses	Talking slowly	Buffalo Bill
PATRICIA GATTEY	Sewing!	Not receiving the letter	Superman
DAPHNE GRAHAM	Robbing the cradle	Missing trains	"The Suspect"
SHIRLEY GRAHAM	Saying the wrong thing at the wrong time	Taking French seriously	Lonesome Polecat
WINIFRED GRAYSTON	Facial Contortions	Wednesday duty	The Brow
MARTHA GRIMBLE	The milk man	Air force stations closing down	Prune Face
MARY HARRIS	Sleeping	Playing for P.T.	"Gabby" the postman

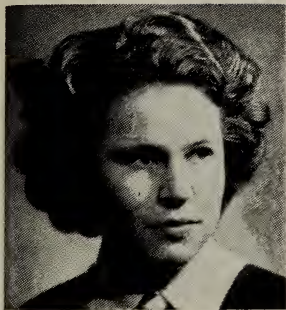


PATRICIA GATTEY



DAPHNE GRAHAM

Graduates

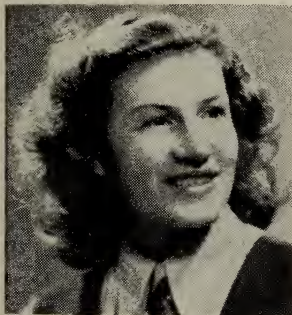


SHIRLEY GRAHAM

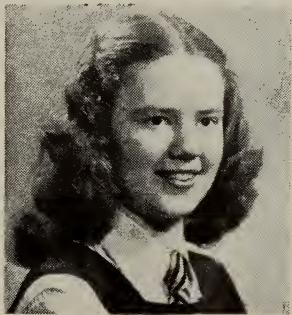


WINIFRED GRAYSTON

FAVORITE OCCUPATION	AMBITION	MOST SEEN WITH	PET EXPRESSION
To get there on time	To pass on coin received	The Brow	"I don't understand. Miss Sharman"
Removing eggs from her bed	To learn to ski	Harry (her teddy)	"I haven't even started my Latin yet"
Prove it	To keep that bird flying	The little man who couldn't be there	"It's two and a 'hawf' Miss Speers"
Telephone communications	Well—there's a woman shortage at Churchill	The girls with the uncivil tongues	"I wish I could be a fly on the wall"
Eating anything in sight	To get to Sandy Hook with J. and L.	Hairless Joe	"She'll have a cat"
Bursting forth in song	To see a man with only two arms	Ferdinand (The Bull)	"Gadzooks!"
Sitting on the floor and telling sad stories	To help Doreen with the dog team	Cass, Iodine and "The Suspect"	"Oh, but I'll give you such a pinch"
Yelling in the clothes closet	To sleep for a week	Her slippers	"I'm reforming"



MARTHA GRIMBLE



MARY HARRIS

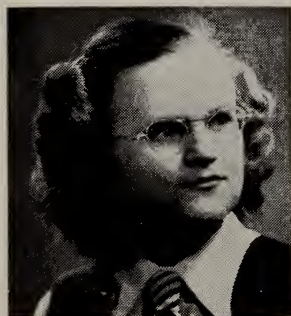


DOROTHY HOLLAND



PATRICIA LIGGINS

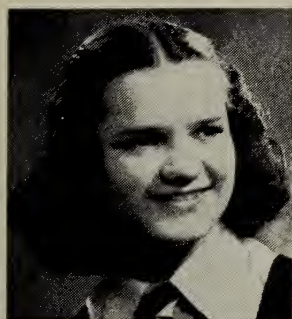
NAME	WEAKNESS	IDEA OF MISERY	REMINDS US OF
DOROTHY HOLLAND	Failing to have experiments in on time	Late Lab.	Mutt
PATRICIA LIGGINS	Cats	Homework	Big stoop
GWEN LIPSEY	Censored	Getting into a cold bed	Moptop Maggie
JEAN McQUADE	Food!!	Typing	Diet Smith
DOREEN OGILVIE	Gretna Green	The wit and humour of those three	Little Iodine
LOUISE PELLEZ	Cranking up the car	Hairless Joe
HAZEL TAYLOR	Coffee and doughnuts	Maths.	Olive Oil
ELSPETH THOMPSON	Throwing acid in people's faces	Listening to Daphne's mistakes in prayers	Cass Daly



GWEN LIPSEY



JEAN McQUADE



DOREEN OGILVIE

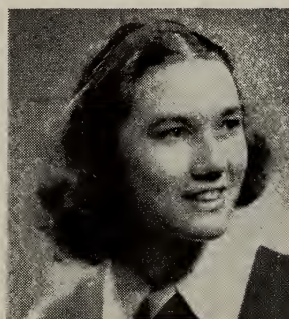


LOUISE PELLENZ

FAVORITE OCCUPATION	AMBITION	MOST SEEN WITH	PET EXPRESSION
Always homeward bound when a troop train arrives	To be the world's Speed skating champ	Jeff	"Oh, No!"
Hiding in the clothes closet	To see a ghost	"Oscar" her pencil bag	"Sure kids, I'll help you"
Reading under a flashlight	To know history	It could be anyone	"Aren't you through yet?"
Knitting sweaters	To visit the land of tulips	Picture of?	"Ruff!"
Where there's a will there's a way	To drive Daph to Churchill in a dog team	Three of nature's masterpieces (? ? ?)	"Do you think she'll tell?"
Talking to Shirley	To go out with 6' 7" when she doesn't have to foot the bill	6' 7"	"I'm going to look out the window and see if Art's there"
Correcting Miss Turner	To get her associates to write their own physics report	Who knows	"Murder!"
Brighton!	Not Churchill again!	Guess which three	"Do you think she saw us?"



HAZEL TAYLOR



ELSPETH THOMPSON

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